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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The grand attack on the Lords is not having a happy send-off. It has been stumbling over a pitfall of procedure and the zeal of the Prime Minister's friends to amend his resolution. Some of them want to go not "one better" but many times better than their chief. Mr. Shackleton, who, if not technically, by courtesy may be classed as the Prime Minister's hon. friend, is for doing away with the Lords altogether, while another would make both houses elective. Captain Kincaid-Smith, on the other hand, technically a full "friend", being a Liberal, objects point blank to making the Lower House supreme over legislation. No wonder the Unionist front bench elects to stand by and look on. It is much better to leave his friends to upset Sir Henry; not that back-bench Unionists are abstaining from putting down amendments. There will be plenty of them ready if those from the Ministerial side collapse.

Very neat was the little trap Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Bowles (was it the voice of the son but the hand of the father?) devised for the Prime Minister. These clever moves generally fail, but this time the Prime Minister, if not checkmated, was certainly reduced to making a very expensive reply. By means of a Saturday sitting and an express resolution overriding the regular procedure of the House the Government would meet the wile of the enemy—but nothing could be less neat, less nice in skill, than the Prime Minister's counter—it was sheer squashing by brute force. All the honours were to Lord Robert and Mr. Bowles. So they magnanimously let the Prime Minister off with a fright, forbearing to "use the advantage of their power". Lord Robert Cecil withdrew his Bill, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman his Saturday motion. And the Lords' resolution will come off on Monday as announced. Mr. Balfour cer-

tainly eased the settlement, and the Government ought to be sincerely grateful to him for helping them out of a ridiculous position.

Recalling its simple, straightforward two-candidate days, and the safe return of an old-fashioned Liberal candidate, friends of the Government well may ask with Wordsworth, "And is this Jarrow?" Few save professional agents and canvassers trouble to keep count of the candidates in the field now. There seem to be quite six, including a Mr. Storey, not the celebrated Mr. Storey—though he too is in the field in favour of the Conservative and perhaps still more in opposition to the Liberal candidate. To make the farce a little more farcical, Mr. Spencer Hughes, the Liberal, is accusing the Independent Labour men of being "blacklegs". Some of them, it seems, have been doing the work of two or three journalists in the House, flimsy and syndicating London Letters and Labour articles and notes in a number of newspapers. Cannot they be peacefully persuaded to attend to their own work, and leave journalism to journalists?

When it is announced that the editor of a notoriously seditious newspaper in India has been arrested for propagating disaffection among the native troops, it is natural to ask why a Government, well informed of all that was going on, did not interfere before the mischief was done? The most noxious of the Bengali agitators continues openly to preach rebellion on the platform and in the press. Apparently he is allowed to carry on his mischievous work without hindrance, as though the authorities had no power to stop it. It is fortunate that the rains have turned the thoughts of the people. Meanwhile Mr. Morley, exposed to the heckling of Irishmen, Socialists and Sir Henry Cotton, continues to oppose them single-handed, "in a valiant and hopeful spirit".

Sir Howard Vincent has been a head of the police—the Criminal Investigation branch—and a good one too. So people are rather surprised to hear him suggest the shooting of traitors before the trial of them. Surely the old way is wiser as a rule—try them first and then shoot them. This we distinctly prefer either to his plan, or to the plan of some Radicals, Irishmen

and Labour M.P.s who would neither try nor shoot; but, instead, release them with honour and reparation. At the same time, though Sir Howard is not well advised to think too much aloud in Parliament, one is not much struck by Mr. Morley's solemn rebuke of him. In the first place it was obviously out of order. And, secondly, it was not true. "It is very fortunate that the hon. gentleman is not and never has been in any position of executive responsibility", remarked Mr. Morley with the cheapest effrontery.

Mr. Morley is playing with the term or is putting a pedantic meaning to it, if he denies that the head of a great department at Scotland Yard has "executive responsibility". As to the shooting of traitors and rebels, by the way, one is reminded that this is the fiftieth anniversary of the Mutiny. We were talking not long since with one of the surviving heroes of the Mutiny—a most gallant Irishman—who had some very interesting memories of the various traitors he had shot or hanged. The summary way is better at any rate than the sickly sentimental way which decadent Radicalism favours to-day.

Just when the Liberals were enjoying the Irish score off Sir Howard Vincent, they fell out with the Irish themselves. The Liberal press described the hullabaloo on Tuesday over the Monastic and Conventional Institutions Bill as a "slight" affair. But was it so slight? Mr. W. Redmond called out "That puts an end to the Liberal alliance" when the figures showed that the Liberals had allowed the Bill to be introduced; and there is no doubt that the relations are uncomfortable. The Liberal press is for arguing that Liberals ought to vote as they like about monasteries and convents if Nationalists vote as they like over territorial forces. The contention is not illogical, but it will not be tolerated for a moment in Ireland. By their action or inaction on Tuesday the Liberals have insulted Ireland. They are no better than "carrion crows".

Most people will prefer the stark, hard-bitten rebel who openly incites or takes part in "cattle-driving" to some neurotic spouter, for instance, who in his snug safety in Parliament vows he will try to stop Irishmen from joining the army. In the former at any rate you have a man, and should know how to deal with him. Even Mr. Birrell is giving some faint sign that he knows how to act against those who in positions of responsibility incite to "cattle-driving". This is a truly odious form of violence, essentially a mean thing like boycotting. Yet Mr. Redmond's support of "vigorous and well-sustained agitation in Ireland", about which he consulted with the National Directory of the Land League on Thursday, looks much like an encouragement of it. We may be thankful that a Parnell is not in power to-day, but we must say that meanness was not such a striking feature of his policy as it seems to be of the present one.

Now that Mr. Haldane has modified his views as to the Militia, there is little doubt that the Army Bill will become law substantially as it stands. The most important feature of the various debates was Mr. Haldane's concession of Mr. Balfour's point as to the retention of the Militia in its present form. Instead of being converted into dépôt battalions of special contingents, 101 out of the existing 124 battalions are to be retained. Of these 74 will be third battalions behind every pair of line battalions. They will in future be merely adjuncts to the line, and their primary functions will be to provide drafts for it. Behind these again there will be 27 fourth battalions, which will be organised primarily to serve as distinct units, but which may in addition be called upon to furnish drafts when necessary. The third battalions will be five hundred strong, and the fourth eight hundred.

The net result is that very little change will take place in the Militia beyond the cutting down of a few attenuated battalions—which in the circumstances is justified. Thus, with certain concessions also to the Yeomanry, it is becoming increasingly clear that Mr.

Haldane's scheme will never come into being. At best it would take some years before its whole machinery could get into working order; and before this it is certain that, following the precedent of the other schemes introduced by the last two War Ministers, we shall have a new Secretary of State and a new scheme.

Yet another chicken has come home to roost to the dismay of the Liberals. Lord Tweedmouth holds shares in a company which supplies beer to the Admiralty. Sir Frederick Banbury was snubbed by the Secretary of the Admiralty when he asked lately whether this was so, but he has since found out that Lord Tweedmouth is "largely interested" in Meux. For ourselves we see no reason why Meux should not supply beer to the Navy, even though the First Lord is lucky enough to own shares in Meux. But it is contrary to Liberal principles—or professions; and we wait with interest for the announcement that Lord Tweedmouth—as a good Liberal—has resigned his office or his shares.

To judge by Burwell's small holdings the grand Back-to-the-land programme of the Government is likely to turn out an Away-from-the-land affair after all. We need not here go in detail into the merits of the Burwell Labourers' Manifesto and Lord Carrington's angry retort to that remarkable document. People who want to believe Lord Carrington has been and is perfectly right in his policy at Burwell will insist on believing it, no matter how many out-of-work agricultural labourers protest that it has ruined them. They will pooh-pooh the evicted labourers, and declare that Mr. Riley, the Tory agent, and Mr. Marks M.P.—who, says Lord Carrington with what looks like a subtle sneer, has "espoused the cause of the men"—are at the bottom of a base little plot to hurt the Government. Well, we dare say there are people who are taking care that the case of the men is well organised and advertised. This is the way in party politics.

Still, making all allowances for party spirit and so forth, the hard fact stands on record that a number of unfortunate farm labourers at Burwell have lost their jobs and their cottages into the bargain, thanks to the small-holding zeal of Lord Carrington and Mr. Rose M.P. This brutal fact cannot be dodged—the men have "got the sack". It may be argued that it is for the ultimate good of their class that they suffer; that they are in a minority—and "minorities", we know, "must suffer". Still it is "rough" on them; and it has all come out at a horribly inconvenient moment. What has Mr. Harcourt done to deserve this succession of blows? First, Lord Portsmouth and Mr. Parsons, and now Lord Carrington and the Burwell farm labourers. Save me from my friends in the Government! may well be his prayer.

The Lords have adjourned the consideration in committee of the Bill to enable women to serve on local councils. The adjournment was the alternative to referring the Bill to a select committee, as proposed by Lord Belper, which Lord Crewe for the Government said would kill the Bill. That would certainly be unfortunate, for the service of women on these local bodies is wanted. But we see no need to make them go through—even if, which is most uncertain, they ever did get through—a process of popular election. This preliminary would keep out of the councils the very women who ought to be in them, but might let in those who could very well be left without.

The second Peace Conference at the Hague began its sittings a week ago amidst a profusion of complimentary speeches and addresses. It is a cumbersome piece of machinery, which works very slowly, and all that has been done so far has been the appointing of several committees. The old German Diet at Frankfurt was probably most like a Peace Conference for stately slowness and solemn affectations; possibly also for intrigues. Russia scores the honours. What do the people think who protest against the Russian Government being acknowledged except in the most distant manner, when they read of the representatives of

almost all the Governments in existence sending profuse compliments to the Tsar as the inventor of this great instrument for beatifying the world? And they are the very people, too, who think the most of Peace Conferences. They would modify their views either of one or the other, or of both, if they had more sense.

The opening of the Reichsrath in Vienna seems to have been quite festal—a gallant show, the Christian Socialists with their white carnations, and the Social Democrats with the red. (No wars of the carnations, we hope.) All was very tasteful and dramatic. A big occasion, big with possibilities either way, not only for Austria-Hungary but for Europe, and indeed the world—it was very well to open it blithely, it is no sign of strength to take serious things lugubriously. Patriotic sense of the great issues they were in face of seems to have pervaded all parties; the extremest of the extremists seem to have been subdued into good behaviour, and the address from the throne was listened to respectfully, and parts of it with special favour marking the point of view of the applauding group. Some admirable social reforms were mentioned, but even the Social Democrats, who most loudly applauded these, were probably with the rest thinking most of the overshadowing issue. Is this really a new start? Will the Empire be kept together?

But the Kaiser-Koenig, Francis Joseph, was in every sense the great figure of the day. He if any man knows that the burden of rule is heavy. For two generations, as he said, he has led his people. He has had to lead them in no easy paths; discordant, for ever bickering amongst themselves, the various peoples that make up his empire have found their community in their Sovereign alone. How long would an elective President have kept Austria and Hungary from flying at one another's throats? Unbroken by private sorrows, undaunted by his weight of years, the venerable Emperor pursues his truly Christian work of peace. He knows that if peace is not kept amongst his own peoples, there will be war amongst many other peoples too. He is old, but he does not say: "After me, the deluge." It is pathetic enough, the Emperor in his seventy-eighth year meeting the nation in grand council assembled, after a new throw, the last resource to keep his people together. Could an appeal for unity be vested with more authority, it is hardly too much to say, with more sanctity?

A Ukase by the Tsar issued last Sunday has dissolved the second Douma. The immediate occasion is the conspiracy charged against the social democratic members; the whole of whom, fifty-five in number, have been arrested, but the friction between Ministers and the House has for some time made dissolution appear imminent. The new law which is to govern the elections for the next Douma in September is significant as to the cause of the dissolution. It greatly restricts the right of voting. The Government is in search of a Douma which will give its assent to Government proposals, and on the franchises under which the two previous Dumas were elected this has been found impossible. All the efforts of M. Stolypin and the Constitutional Democrats have failed to overcome the determination of the extreme parties of the right and left to make the Douma unworkable. Military precautions were taken to preserve order in case of disturbances, but there have been no outbreaks and the dissolution has been taken quietly as something that nobody troubled about.

Inquiry into the causes of what M. Clémenceau calls the veritable insurrection against the law in four of the French Southern Departments has had to give way to the necessity for repressing it. M. Clémenceau is accused of having neglected to enforce the law until the situation became formidable. This appears likely to bring on another of those Ministerial crises of which M. Clémenceau has had so many experiences in his short term. There is a formidable combination against him of well-known members of the Republican majority who have shaken off the Socialist and advanced Radical elements, and they are ready to bring on the decisive

contest with M. Clémenceau over the affairs in the South as soon as the immediate pressure is over.

In the meantime an interpellation by a Socialist, hostile indeed, but from another point of view, has resulted in M. Clémenceau being left with a free hand for the next few days to give a chance to the severe repressive measures he has now taken against the Southern Departments. The Chamber has realised the gravity of the situation; and to upset the Clémenceau Ministry on a vote which might be interpreted as failing to support the restoration of order is a risk greater than even political passion is prepared to run. M. Ribot, leader of the Conservative Republican Opposition, declared in the debate on Tuesday that the Prime Minister could not be disavowed who had merely given the order that the law was to be enforced. M. Clémenceau has done in France what Mr. Morley did in India. He has had the chief malcontents arrested, and has ordered large bodies of troops into the disaffected districts. Unhappily he has not had Mr. Morley's success; he has not been able to quell disorder without bloodshed. This however is not to say he was wrong in using force.

General Botha has now added his assurance to Mr. Churchill's that there was no Chinese bargain about the £5,000,000 loan to be guaranteed by the Imperial Government. A large party in the Transvaal as in the Imperial Parliament clearly believes there is something more than mere coincidence in the guarantee and the sudden determination of the Transvaal Government that the Chinese must go directly their contract time is up. Sir George Farrar on Monday made a vigorous attack on the policy of repatriation; and Mr. Schalk Burger gave the Government case away when he pointed out the distressful condition of the farmers on account of the want of native labour. Does Mr. Schalk Burger mean that the natives are ready to work in the mines but unwilling to work on the land? If not, where is the native surplus on which the very existence of the mines will depend after the Chinese have been sent home? Or is there anything in the hint thrown out by Mr. Lyttelton on Thursday night that the natives will be forced to work in the mines—in other words that for Chinese "slavery" so called we are to substitute the real thing?

Almost while Mr. Deakin, on his return to Australia, was explaining some of the difficulties he encountered at the Colonial Conference, Lord Elgin in London, at a gathering representative of the Crown Colonies, was making it fairly plain that the attitude of the self-governing colonies recently has caused him some trouble. He prefers to deal with the Crown Colonies naturally because there his word almost amounts to law. How our Radicals love to play the autocrat! Lord Elgin likened the autonomous States of the Empire to independent young ladies whose great desire is to repudiate connexion with the schoolroom and the old governess. This might be a bitter jest. How will it strike men like Mr. Deakin? Then Lord Elgin does not approve of the change of name from Colony to Dominion. If there were something to be said for his objection on this point, he spoilt his case—in the view at least of the self-governing colonies—by asserting that he would not mind the change so long as there were "no inferiority presupposed" in regard to the Crown Colonies. But it is just inferiority of status that was the secret of the agitation of Canada, Australia and South Africa for self-government.

The lionising of "Mark Twain", meeting him on his arrival in London as though he were a pro-consul, shouting with laughter over his improvised wit, and so forth—how absurd it ought to make us look in the eyes of the world, if it doesn't! One of the chief newspaper owners in London remarked the other day that it was vain nowadays to offer the public "serious stuff"; they would not read it—the day for serious articles on important subjects had passed. The worst of it is the public taste seems to be almost as depraved just now in the matter of humorous fare as it is in that of serious fare. No good jest of "Mark Twain" need be recorded apparently. Anything serves. He is introduced to Mr. Shaw by a pressman, and Mr. Shaw

says—for want of something better to say—"Were you serious when you wrote the 'Jumping Frog'?" And—for want of something clever to do—they both laugh, and their laugh is taken down in a note-book, and sent to the printer. "Mark Twain" has written one or two capital books. But that is no reason why these antics and absurdities should be indulged in when he happens to be in England.

When the Education Committee of the London County Council recommended "Mary Barton" to be taken off the list of the scholars' lending library we wondered why. This was explained at the last meeting of the Council. It was through a complaint by the mother of a girl attending one of the Council's schools that the matter had been brought to the notice of the committee. This estimable matron must be the same severely moral parent who wrote to the schoolmistress requesting that in future Mary Ann should not be told anything about her insides, as it was indecent. What have the other mothers been doing not to watch over the morals of their daughters as keenly as this lady who after so many years has caused "Mary Barton" to be put on the Index Expurgatorius? Curious it was not discovered in the period of Sir John McDouall and Mrs. Chant.

A worse case of plagiarism has never been than the theft of the Ascot Gold Cup. It is not only a larceny, but a breach of the law of copyright. There would have been surprising originality about it if Raffles had not anticipated it by the theft of the famous cup from the British Museum. The Museum robbery seemed only possible in the imagination of the irresponsible novelist, but the Ascot adventurers have shown it could be done. There is just one remaining touch needed to make the resemblance perfect. Raffles returned the Museum cup in a very swagger way; but we very much doubt if anything similar will be the dénouement of the Ascot affair. There is a fine chance for the detectives to show they can play Sherlock Holmes as cleverly as the thieves have played Raffles.

Can motor-racing ever be as interesting as horse-racing? That is the real question involved in the opening of the Brooklands Motor Club at Weybridge. So far as it is possible to compare things so dissimilar, the Brooklands course will be to the motor world what Epsom is to the racing world, but will it attract the public to a similar extent? The course itself—a remarkable engineering achievement—will be the one spot in the United Kingdom where the enthusiast for speed may gratify his bent to the full. Here any man who chooses to put down his fee and observe certain simple rules may test the fleetness and stability of his Daimler, his Argyll, his Crossley, or his Pilain without fear of police-traps, or of injury to any neck but his own. The sight of a Darracq in flight at 110 miles an hour is not without its thrill, different though the sensation be from that with which we watch an event on the Turf. Yet even in motor-driving the personal factor counts, and it is given to some men to get out of a machine much more than others. The prizes of Brooklands will not necessarily fall to the best cars.

It is hard to suppress a bitter smile at the brilliancy of the military gathering that assembled to do honour to the Duke of Cambridge's statue in Whitehall. Be-spatter, alive; be-statue, when dead. This is too often the way. Some of the military geniuses present must surely have been surprised that amongst the titles inscribed on the pedestal they did not see "Old Fool", "Blockhead", "Obstructive". Well, the Duke is out of the way, and where is the progress? Lord Wolseley took his Commandership-in-Chief but did not make a new army; Lord Roberts has progressed to an Earldom; and two grand army schemes have come to nought, and a third is on the way to still-birth. Why, one could have expected the statue itself to smile sarcastically around. But it was not the Duke's way. He had a generous heart. After all his vindication stands: it stands in the plain facts of the "Military Life".

RUSSIA—PROGRESS BY REACTION.

IT is not easy for Englishmen to gauge the needs of Russia. It is indeed less easy for us than for other European nations, for, on the assumption that all government travels towards democracy, our political development has reached a stage several centuries ahead of Russia. But this does not restrain readiness to criticise the action of the Russian Government. It is the vice which has characterised all our observations on the politics of foreign countries for a century. We still argue from the standpoint of the mid-Victorian era though events have considerably mitigated the theory which was fifty years ago an accepted convention, that parliamentary government was the universal panacea for popular discontent. The action of the Tsar and his Government is stigmatised as "unconstitutional" without any real knowledge on the part of the accusers as to what is the real sum of the word "unconstitutional" when applied to Russian affairs. Although the English King might be acting within his rights as legally defined, he would clearly be acting in an "unconstitutional" manner if he dissolved his Parliament without consulting his Ministers—though this, oddly enough, was the action dictated to the monarch by certain Radical scribes before the last General Election. Certain accepted conventions have now become in fact part of the British Constitution. Again, the President of the United States is bound by certain written rules of political conduct, and to run counter to them would, in the strictest sense of the term, be unconstitutional, but when we come to consider the case of Russia, such terms are a misuse of language. The Tsar's action may have been rash or unjustifiable, but to say that he has acted "unconstitutionally" is absurd. The advice of his Ministers may have been bad or foolish, but in following it he has not in any way exceeded what he had a right to do.

To argue on any other lines is to miss the essential facts of the whole Russian situation. The Douma owes its existence to the Tsar alone. It was instituted to advise and not to dictate. In its first phase it grotesquely exaggerated its power, it mistook altogether the position it was intended to occupy in the economy of the State. It attempted to carry out in action the wildest revolutionary theories of which Slav enthusiasts had become enamoured as only Slavs can be. In short it attempted to supply to a society, which in most of its aspects is still mediaeval, and in many oriental, an outfit of political nostrums which a North American State would regard as visionary. When the inevitable happened and the first Douma was relegated to the Limbo of Vanity, better hopes dawned with the second, and for a time it certainly seemed that Russia was on a fair road to a more orderly conception of what might legitimately be expected from a union of popular aspiration with autocratic control. But the situation since then has been palpably working up towards a violent solution. It has been hitherto the curse of all Slav nations that violent methods are more acceptable to reformers than gradual advance. M. Stolypin and the Moderates might have done a good deal to ease the progress of the political machine, but unfortunately the control of events was violently wrested from their hands. We are by no means disposed to blame indiscriminately or altogether the revolutionary section. Quite as much reproach attaches to the Reactionaries, if not more. That they applaud the action of the Tsar in dissolving the Douma does not excuse their own extravagances. They, with the violent reformers, have unfortunately made parliamentary government on the basis of a wide suffrage altogether impossible. It is hopeless to try to discover how far the charges of conspiracy against the State brought by the Government against certain members of the advanced Left could be substantiated by evidence. From previous experience it is difficult to reject them altogether, for, though they may be exaggerated, there are indications that the accusation of tampering with the fidelity of the army are not devoid of truth. Whatever view then be taken of the rights originally conferred on the Douma by the laws so-called "fundamental", it is not reasonable to contest the proposition that an Assembly which has clearly

overstepped its mandate by intriguing against the Administration has earned its own dissolution as a natural consequence.

It may be correct to say, as has been said by some of its defenders, that M. Stolypin was in favour of some delay in the action of his Government. He has all along hoped to bend the energies of the Assembly in a rational direction with the help of the Moderates, but in any case the course of the Douma was clearly run and its usefulness exhausted. It was a cause of weakness and not of strength, and at the present moment in Russia what is urgently needed is not mild reforming methods so much as the preservation of law and order. The first duty of a Government in all countries is to govern, and anything which impedes its performing this primary duty must be removed. The less developed a country is politically, the more it requires the active force of Government, but like other children it is not able to recognise its need. For this reason the presence of a really popular Assembly in a country like Russia is a dangerous anomaly. It would seem as if the Administration had at length recognised this and were about to reverse their course and endeavour to found Russian political freedom upon a rational basis. Their fault hitherto has been that they have allowed themselves to fall victims to an attractive theory in defiance of all practical considerations. This is a danger particularly besetting a Slav race. When it was resolved to give Russia a popular assembly, the mistake was made of passing at one bound from a State organised on the basis of autocracy to extreme democracy. Such a leap in the dark was never yet taken with success by any people, civilised or uncivilised. The amusing thing is that our own sternest critics of the Russian Government are chiefly to be found among those who regard the career of Cromwell with worshipful reverence. Now if there be any excuse to be found for the nature of Cromwell's Government it lies entirely in the fact that he recognised the fundamental truth that a country requires first of all repose from continuous agitation and strict control of anarchical tendencies by the ruling power, and if it does not exercise those prerogatives which every Government possesses it ceases to deserve obedience and ipso facto ceases to receive it. Consequently, Cromwell took very good care that elections should not go against his Government. He and his major-generals would have made no bones of the new election law in Russia.

In reversing its previous action and promulgating the new electoral law, the Russian Administration may have acted in violation of certain pledges rashly given; but for that, if it be a fact, it will easily earn forgiveness if the new experiment succeeds. Unless practical anarchy is to prevail and continue, it is clear that an attempt must be made to return to some sound basis of political action. Such a foundation could never have been found in the course originally taken of enfranchising indiscriminately all nationalities, putting the fit and the unfit on an equal footing and allowing disruptive forces full play. If, as some people appear to think, parliamentary institutions are the cure for all political woes, then it seems strange that they are to be applauded when they are set up in a manner diametrically contrary to the laws of their organic growth. The best hope for Russia lies in the fact that the Administration has been sensible enough to apprehend its error and amend it in spite of much obloquy. To eliminate from the electoral list large numbers of persons clearly not entitled by their political capacity to enjoy their privileges is perhaps high-handed, but is justified by the mischievous activity of the nationalities now dispossessed. They will clamour and the Russian Administration must suffer the unfortunate results of its own untoward and ill-calculated generosity. Its best hope must lie in its capacity to start afresh on right lines and gradually to evolve in the course of years what it rashly endeavoured to create in a moment. England is constantly held up (mainly, no doubt, by Englishmen) as a model for Russia. Well, if English political history teaches anything, it is that constitutionalism is a slow growth; the autocrat first, then the oligarchy, then the middle class, and at length the working man.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE LIMITED.

CONFERENCES, as we know from a recent instance in this country, may meet and discuss very important questions and yet depart without having done much. Our Imperial Conference was barred from considering the one thing that was of vital interest to the Empire. Exactly the same may be said of the second Peace Conference which opened at the Hague last Saturday with such dignified ritual and so many courtly compliments. Useful rules, we dare say, will be settled for the mitigation of some aspects of warfare. They will be of the same character as those laid down long ago by the Geneva Convention; and a committee of the Red Cross Society would do the work quite as well. The opening day of the Conference was sufficient to make it plain that all the really difficult questions relating to the maintenance of peace and the prevention of war were either going to be excluded from the purview of the Conference, or were fated to be discussed without any practical conclusion. In the second Peace Conference as in the first we see that the discussion of the reduction of armaments is shelved as impossible. Some vague general formula will be proposed and carried unanimously because it will mean nothing specific. Germany has declared that she will not discuss any proposal for reduction. If our Government still backs up the proposal which recently so greatly excited the wrath of Germany, it will find it has lost the support of its fellow-idealists the United States. That noble alliance of the "two great Anglo-Saxon peoples for inaugurating the reign of perpetual peace" which so aroused the enthusiasm of the band of which Mr. Carnegie is the distinguished figure, is dissolved. We learn now that the United States delegates to the Hague will not bring up for discussion the question of the limitation of armaments, because in view of the declared attitude of various Powers it would be waste of time to do so. One need not be a diplomatist to understand what M. Nelidoff meant in the passage of his speech where he reminded the Conference that "there is a whole class of questions in which the honour, dignity and essential interest of individuals as well as of nations are engaged, so that neither party, whatever the consequences, will recognise any authority other than that of its own judgment and personal sentiments". Everyone knew that this had just as much bearing on the reduction of armaments as on the impossibility of arbitration on some matters which was the direct subject of these remarks of M. Nelidoff. And in his enumeration of the subjects which would come before the Conference M. Nelidoff did not mention the reduction of armaments.

Besides this excluded topic there are others as to which there is little prospect of any agreement. The most important of these is the present right of a belligerent Power to seize the mercantile vessels of the enemy and to condemn vessel and cargo in a Prize Court. This is a right which it is as important for a great naval Power to preserve as it is for a great military Power to retain the right of determining for itself the size of its army. The relative superiority of the British navy would be immensely reduced by an international agreement that the right of seizing an enemy's commerce on the seas should be abandoned. It is put very plausibly that such a proposition belongs to the category of rules for the mitigation of the evils and sufferings of war. In fact for all practical purposes it is the proposition in another form for the reduction of armaments which has been excluded from discussion at the Peace Conference. If Great Britain consented to the proposed rule she would consent to her own partial disarmament, although she had been prevented from saying a word about the armaments of her neighbours. The suspicion by Germany of England's sinister designs has prevented the disarmament question from being discussed at the Conference. Yet Great Britain is committed to consider a proposal which, if assented to, would be wholly to her disadvantage. There would be no reciprocal gain, as there might be in the direct reduction of armaments; it would be pure loss to Great Britain. This is a matter which really falls under M. Nelidoff's description of the things that can be submitted to no authority.

other than the judgment and personal sentiments of the party concerned. We think we see a hint in M. Nelidoff's speech that the capture of commerce is one of the unnecessary horrors of war, a remnant of Middle Age barbarity, founded on the mistaken idea that the more personal suffering the fewer wars there will be, and ought therefore to cease to be authorised by international law. This is a common argument but it is fallacious. The question is one of national strategy and not of the infliction of gratuitous suffering. To cripple an enemy's commerce is an operation of war on the great scale with a distinct object, the reduction of an enemy's power to carry on a war. And what else is the object of every war? If peace be desired there is nothing more likely to maintain it than the fear that every nation has in these commercial days of the disorganisation of its trade. So that, considering Great Britain is the great naval as Germany is the great military Power, there are as good reasons for expecting the Conference to break down over the capture of property at sea as it has done over the reduction of armaments; the two things being in pari materia. Whatever the Conference may do, we cannot conceive any British Government consenting so to re-shape international law that Great Britain would lose one of the most valuable assets of her naval superiority.

The second Peace Conference will not then carry the desired object of avoiding conflict between States any further than it has already been carried, and this is an exceedingly small way. M. Nelidoff naturally made the most of the results which are traceable to the first Peace Conference. He laid stress on the cases of arbitration which have been brought before the Hague Tribunal. First a dispute between the United States and Mexico, about a matter of certain endowments of the kind which might be met with in our Chancery Courts, was referred to the Tribunal. Next there was the question of the claims made by British, German and Italian creditors to have a preference over other creditors of Venezuela. This was also of a distinctly legal character. How different the points to be settled in such a case from that which will probably come before the present Conference: the Drago doctrine as it is called. Let this be proposed, and what chance is there of its being agreed that the precedent of the collection of debts from Venezuela by Great Britain and Germany shall not in future be followed by any State? The claim of exemption by foreign residents in Japan from payment of house tax illustrates very well again the kind of specific question which the Hague Tribunal can deal with most successfully. M. Nelidoff referred to the North Sea fishing fleet incident of 1904 as a case of infinite gravity, which might without the happy intervention of the Tribunal have had the most dangerous consequences. This was by far the most serious case that has come before the Tribunal; but it was diplomacy and not any obligation to submit such a dispute to arbitration that preserved the peace. If the temper of the British and Russian peoples had once got out of hand, the Arbitration Court at the Hague would have gone like thistledown before the wind of war. The Governments perceived that there was no irreconcileable national claim in question; but simply a matter of fact to be inquired into and a mistake, if found to be made, to be compensated for by a money award. When popular passion was controlled there was no longer any danger of war; and the rest could be left to the Tribunal. It is very convenient to have a Court already in existence for settling such international disputes. This is perhaps the one undoubted success of the first Peace Conference. The Geneva, the Venezuela Boundary and the Behring Sea Arbitrations were all over before the Hague Tribunal was established. When the second Peace Conference dissolves it will be found that it has not carried the obligation to submit international disputes to arbitration substantially further than it went in 1899. No more now than then is it possible to refer the absolutely important questions to arbitration. As to national expansion or vital national policies a nation will acknowledge no arbiter but its own judgment and sentiment, and so these must remain outside. Possibly a modern cause of war—popular passion—may become more

controllable as the peoples get accustomed to the notion that there are more arbitrable matters than they supposed in the rather primitive state of mind when they found in every dispute something to fight over.

M. CLÉMENCEAU'S DIFFICULTIES.

M. CLÉMENCEAU'S Government is in a parlous state and Frenchmen are beginning to ask themselves whether it will survive until October. The press is all but unanimous in regarding disruption as imminent; for this feeling is now spreading from the Opposition to the Ministerial organs. M. Jules Roche sounds the note of alarm in the "République Française". "There can be no mistake about it—we have not only to face a wine crisis but a national crisis." The "Humanité", M. Jaurès' organ, proclaims the duty of the Government: they must fold their arms in the face of the demonstrations which are being made in the South "if they do not wish to expose France to the most serious disasters". No doubt M. Jules Roche is a determined enemy of the "Bloc" and M. Jaurès is bound to assert his independence by attacking the Government from time to time; but the Ministerial press is even more severe. Thus the "Petit Parisien", M. Jean Dupuy's organ, sums up the situation in these words: "The notion of a one and undivided Fatherland is being contradicted. One might argue that the right to command is becoming obsolete", whilst M. Stéphan Lauzanne exclaims in the "Matin": "It cracks, it cracks. The whole edifice is shaking, and its frontage trembles from top to bottom. Our only security against the total collapse of the structure are the words of the governing classes, the speeches of the Government, the phrases of the Government." To make matters worse, M. Sarraut, Under Secretary for the Interior, whose co-operation was deemed so important to the Government at the start, happens to be one of the Deputies for Narbonne, and has chosen this crucial moment to tender his resignation, and thus aggravate the difficulties of the situation. He has, it is true, in a voice "husky with emotion", sought to justify his conduct in abandoning a chief who had given him both his hands when he took leave of him. He remains M. Clémenceau's loyal friend body and soul, as well as the devoted friend of the Government's policy. "No Government had ever made such efforts to relieve the distress in the South; but he hoped his own resignation would serve the cause of general pacification." The effect of this theatrical display may have been good so far as the Chamber was concerned, but we question whether it has produced the same impression upon the country.

M. Sarraut has been denounced by many for deserting his post when it ceased to be pleasant, for giving up all interest in the enforcement of the law once it applied to his own Department, for separating in his mind the claims of his constituents from the good government of the land; in short for preferring the illegal government which rules at Argentiers and at Narbonne to the legal government which was supposed to rule in Paris. To sum up, there is a condition of disquiet all over France. The people of the South are contrasting the full attendance of the Chamber when the salaries of the Deputies were under discussion with the small numbers who attended the debate on the wine crisis. They also believe that some of the men who have made fortunes out of the adulteration of wine are shielded by the Government because they are liberal subscribers to the "Bloc" party funds. Mayors and municipalities have resigned "en masse", the payment of taxes is to be refused, and the Government which at first trusted to the proverbial effervescence of the South has now begun to treat the matter seriously and to pour troops into the disaffected districts. These are but symptoms of the great work of disorganisation which has been slowly sapping French society since the principle of a Republican form of government was adopted by a majority of one.

It would be tedious to recapitulate the whole story of jobbery and corruption which has brought France into her present unfortunate position. In the old unregenerate days the administration of France was less

corrupt. Under the Restoration the government was at any rate in the hands of men who had much at stake. In the days of Louis Philippe there were but few scandals, and these only affected individuals. The Second Republic was but shortlived and its men were mostly pure. The Second Empire was, it is true, by no means immaculate; but there again only individuals were affected. The mass of the nation was above reproach. The Presidencies of M. Thiers and of Marshal MacMahon were highly creditable. Once however the Third Republic was solidly established the triumph of corruption pursued its uninterrupted course, and scandals succeeded each other in almost steady sequence. The most coveted of all decorations were openly sold by the son-in-law of the President of the Republic. Shares in an insolvent company were foisted by members of Parliament on their own constituents, and the criminals shielded from prosecution by the action of a Home Secretary destined a few years later to become President of the French Republic. It is true that the scandal was so grave that the Minister, who was in no way involved himself, took this serious step only to save the Republic from absolute discredit in the face of the world; but this justification of his action proves the greatness of the evil. The great "affaire", discreditable to Dreyfusards as well as to anti-Dreyfusards, was used to form an Administration composed of convinced Republicans animated by the one principle of Republican defence. Men and women who had devoted their lives either to religious practices or to philanthropy were ruthlessly expelled from house and home to satisfy Radical animosity and to secure £20,000,000 as a nucleus for an old-age pension scheme. Finally, in defiance of an agreement solemnly ratified by the First Consul, speaking on behalf of the French people, as a measure of compensation to a Church despoiled of its resources, the small residue of the property guaranteed to that Church was ruthlessly expropriated and devoted to public purposes. Besides this, the characters of Ministers' have deteriorated in the same degree. No matter what our political prejudices may be, we never think of accusing our Ministers of making their fortunes out of politics. Neither Radical nor Tory believes that Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. John Burns has made a penny out of his political position or knowledge, and the man who ventures to make such an accusation in grave earnest will be discredited for evermore. In the old days no one seriously believed such accusations when they were levied generally against French statesmen and Ministers, though in a few individual cases malversation was proved, as was occasionally the case in England during the most corrupt period of the eighteenth century. Now, however, these accusations are commonly hurled against French Ministers. Many, perhaps most, of them are false and without any foundation; but the fact remains that they are made and that in many cases they have been proved to be true. All these things point to a terrible decay in public morals since the consolidation of the Third Republic.

Who is to say what will now happen? A crisis like that in the South of France would in most countries lead to a revolution; but the South has rarely been seriously in earnest, and it is doubtful whether the movement is strong enough to resist the importation of military from other districts. At any rate, the Government have determined to face the issue, and the result of their decision must be made manifest within the next few days; yet M. Clémenceau is by no means quit of all his difficulties. M. Briand makes eloquent speeches, but his acts belie his words. The circular issued to the préfets within the last three weeks shows that his hostility to the Church is as strong as ever it was. In some cases presbyteries had been let to parish priests at a nominal sum by mayors and municipal councils who wished to mitigate the harshness of the law. This, he declares, is contrary to the new law, which objects to any endowment, whether direct or indirect, of any religious body. If any municipality so offends in the future, it will be denied any doles from the local authority, until the estimated rental of the presbytery has been met. The mayors are also to be empowered to evict the parish priest whenever his rent is inadequate. In fact ample evidence is

afforded that a Government which complains of illegality is having recourse to every kind of illegal pressure. It is true Ministers are between the devil and the deep sea. They have raised the storm and they must reap the whirlwind. They cannot complain if their own example is followed and the lessons they have themselves taught are carried to their extreme limits. Disorganisation is rampant throughout France; but it is the result of their own teaching. They may prevail over the South unless the South is really in earnest, but international Socialism has been at work not only in the vineyards, but in the army, the navy, and the public service. The present Government have benefited up to this, but will they much longer? M. Clémenceau's Ministry cannot prevail for long and must fall, if not now, at least within the next few months. There is a great deal that is sound and solid in France. It must come to the surface sooner or later, and when once this happens we may hope for the regeneration of its Government and of its people.

THE HOME OFFICE AND THE EDALJI CASE.

M. GLADSTONE has been complaining bitterly of trial and appeal by newspaper. In a general way, as we said the week before last, we sympathise. The non-official investigator who was not present at the hearing of the case is always on dangerous ground and runs considerable risk of being made to look extremely foolish. It is the privilege and delight of the official to make him look foolish whenever possible. But the complaint has a hollow ring coming at a time when the non-official investigator has scored a very considerable success. It is a singularly futile proceeding to inveigh against the press agitator who can point to the Beck and Edalji cases as the fruits of his agitation. We are perfectly aware that there may be convincing reasons which, if known, would entirely justify the whole of the action of the Home Office since George Edalji was sentenced in 1903 to seven years' penal servitude for mutilating a pony; and if it were still merely a question of discussing the probabilities, of challenging the verdict of a jury after reading an imperfect report of the evidence, we should hesitate for a long time before making an attack upon a body of estimable men in a difficult position who are no doubt doing their best, under the guidance of some excellent general rules and precedents. But after the report of Sir Arthur Wilson's Committee and the answers given recently by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons, it seems to us that the Edalji case has features of public interest on which even the most respectful worshipper of official infallibility may comment without fear of his ignorance being exposed: and in view of the near approach of the Home Office vote such comment should be made vigorously and at once if there is to be any chance of undoing what has every appearance of being a great private wrong and a great public danger.

There is no need to go into the details of Mr. Edalji's conviction, its circumstances, or the evidence on which it was obtained. The non-official investigator has fought the question out during the past four years, and, having awakened the Home Office to a tardy realisation of the fact that there was something wrong somewhere, has secured a somewhat unsatisfactory finding from a committee with very limited powers that the conviction was not justified by the evidence. So far so good: the suggestion that such crimes were committed by such a man and that the criminal could yet be treated as responsible for his actions was on the face of it amazing; and we now have it on good authority that it was not proved that he committed them at all. But there was in the case a still more amazing feature. Not content with committing these abominable crimes, the criminal was supposed to have written to the police and others certain anonymous letters in a disguised handwriting which *prima facie* were the work of a dangerous maniac, and these letters incriminated himself. There was no direct proof that he wrote them; but they were put in and the jury examined them and compared them with writing which was admittedly that of Edalji; and the handwriting expert who made a

mistake in the Beck case said that "with one or two exceptions he was of opinion that all the disguised writing was the prisoner's". We pass by the remarkable fact that on that evidence it would seem that somebody else was also writing extraordinary letters at the same time. Now the Committee—having before them the fact that these letters were put in, and that the jury had opportunities of comparison and the assistance of an expert witness, and found a general verdict of guilty—express their opinion that the jury "must be taken to have held that Edalji was the writer of those letters"; and they after examination and comparison on their own part "are not prepared to dissent from the finding at which we think the jury arrived". Thus though the jury's finding on the question of fact, on which there was at any rate some slight evidence, is set aside, a purely hypothetical finding by them on a question of opinion (for handwriting can seldom be anything but a matter of opinion) is upheld and used as the ground for making a half-hearted reparation which leaves the victim ruined socially and professionally for life. But of course though Mr. Edalji was left under the stigma of having written these letters, it was necessary to explain that the jury were wrong in supposing them to be evidence of his guilt; and this is done in the following words:—

"We do not think it is at all safe to infer that they are the letters of a guilty man accusing himself in order the more easily to accuse others, or for any other motive which has been suggested. We think it quite as likely that they are the letters of an innocent man, but a wrong-headed and malicious man, indulging in a piece of impish mischief, pretending to know what he may know nothing of, in order to puzzle the police and increase their difficulties in a very difficult investigation." To all this one can only say after reading such of the letters as have become available that few things have been more extraordinary than this Committee's idea of impish mischief.

We have then on the face of the report this great fact left on record that he wrote these letters, brought this trouble on himself, and therefore though by a stretching of the rules the prisoner may be pardoned, he is not a fit subject for compensation. What one wants to know therefore is, how did the Home Office deal with this question of the letters? One of the minor points of the case is that the prisoner's advisers were not allowed to see them before the trial or submit them to other experts, so that Mr. Gurrin went uncontradicted; but the most curious feature of the report is that only letters written in 1903 are referred to, so that presumably the 1903 letters were before the committee. Yet ever since the trial the Home Office have had it dinned into their ears by the editor of "Truth" and others that there was a whole series of violent and blasphemous letters between 1892 and 1896, of which one is still extant and two others were copied in a local paper, both bearing points of resemblance to the letters of 1903, and that somebody about that period was persecuting the Edalji family by offensive advertisements in the local papers. For the benefit of officialdom it has also been discovered that there were anonymous communications in 1888 when Mr. Edalji was twelve years old; that they were of a different character from the later ones it is true, but surely worthy of inquiry; and that there are two or three things to be explained with regard to a woman who was supposed at the time to have written them. To confine attention to the 1903 letters and leave all the others out of consideration looks dangerously like a repetition of the Beck mistake. Nor does the report suggest that the Home Office has shown the slightest appreciation of the fact that a serious charge of prejudice has been made against the Chief Constable of Staffordshire, not on hearsay or gossip, but on the evidence of one of his own letters, and still more serious charges against the police generally and in particular with regard to the man Green, who confessed to a similar crime committed while Mr. Edalji was in prison awaiting trial, retracted his confession and was permitted to leave the country. In the report itself there is this sentence: "The police commenced and carried on their investigations, not for the purpose of finding out who was the guilty party, but for the purpose of finding evidence against Edalji,

who, they were already sure, was the guilty man": a comment which alone makes it surprising that Mr. Gladstone should take up the attitude that the question is closed and nothing more is to happen to anybody. But outside the pages of the report there is a whole mass of evidence and information of various degrees of value which cries out trumpet-tongued against the Home Office theory that when the official has made up his mind no mere journalist is worth a moment's attention. For four years there has been determined resistance followed by ungracious and half-hearted surrender. It is for the House of Commons to make the Home Secretary realise that the present position of the case is an impossible one from the point of view of Mr. Edalji and the public. There may be a complete explanation: but this is not a matter of foreign policy on which a Minister is entitled to keep his explanation to himself. There are mysterious suggestions at the back of the case that an' they would the police could tell an awful tale; but if they can they should be made to tell it publicly, and in a way which will give Mr. Edalji the opportunity he desires of making his answer and will satisfy the public, as it cannot be satisfied at present if it has followed the case, that there has not been a gross miscarriage of justice.

THE CITY.

THE prospectus of the British Coalite Company is interesting, both because of the magnitude of its future operations, and because coal is a subject which, to borrow Bacon's phrase, "comes home to men's business and bosoms". If it should turn out to be true, as its promoters claim, that coalite is smokeless, gives out more heat than coal, and can be sold at the same price as coal or one slightly higher, its prospects are almost boundless, and we see no reason why it should not in time oust from the market the 13,000,000 tons of coal now sold annually in the metropolitan area. But can coalite be sold at the price of coal? We do not believe it can be; nor are any figures given in the prospectus to show us how it can be. We are quite willing to accept the tests of the experts that coalite is smokeless and of greater heating power than coal. But when we are told that the treatment or distillation of 3,000,000 tons of coal will produce 2,100,000 tons of coalite, which with the resultant gas but without the other bye-products will give a profit of £500,000 on the transaction, we want something more than the assertion of experts to induce us to accept it. The company will have to buy its 3,000,000 tons of coal like any other merchant at the pit's mouth, and carry them to Barking, where they will be subjected to the process of distillation, which apparently destroys 900,000 tons. When the 3,000,000 tons of coal have been converted into 2,100,000 tons of coalite, they have to be brought from Barking to the market. Are we to believe that the sale of the resultant gas will pay for the freight to Barking, for the process of distillation, for the loss of 900,000 tons of coal, for the re-transport from Barking? We call upon the promoters, who are asking the public for their money, to show how they make a profit of £500,000 by turning 3,000,000 tons of coal into 2,100,000 tons of coalite. Of course if the price of coalite is to be 5s. a ton more than coal, the profit might be there on paper, though the public will not pay more for their fuel than they are doing at present. Until this elementary but crucial fact is dealt with to our satisfaction, we do not think it worth while to discuss the capitalisation or the possible profits of the company. We will, however, point out that the vendor syndicate, Coalite, Limited, is selling at a profit of over 900 per cent., as its capital is £55,000 and its purchase consideration is 500,000 deferred shares of £1 in the new company. We also observe that the same syndicate has underwritten 750,000 new shares for a cash commission of 6 per cent. (i.e. £45,000), which with its capital is absurd. One of the greatest abuses of modern company promoting is the underwriting of huge capital issues by syndicates with a small capital. In this case the commission is nearly as much as the syndicate's capital. If the

syndicate is successful in subletting its contract, well and good: if it is not, what remedy has the company against the syndicate?

We have seldom read a more unsatisfactory report than that of the Consolidated Deep Leads, which holds its meeting on Tuesday next at 3 P.M. at Salisbury House. We trust shareholders instead of sending proxies will attend. The directors have the unhappy hardihood to assert that "the pumping installations upon the Loddon Valley Mine referred to at the last general meeting have proved successful". The price of the shares is the best answer to this audacious statement. Consolidated Deep Leads have fallen from 10s., which they touched last autumn, to 2s. (they are 4s. shares). Australian Commonwealth Trusts have fallen from £3 to 10s.; Loddon Valleys have fallen from £2 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., and Victoria Deep Leads have fallen from £1 to 2s. 6d. Save us from such success! The report goes on: "Owing to the unexpected width of the ancient river-bed at this point, the developments have been more protracted than had been anticipated." This is a mild way of describing an utter fiasco. In October and November last we were kept on the tip-toe of expectation by cunningly worded paragraphs in the financial papers about "phenomenally rich wash" and certain samples of the gravel were reported to yield from 20 dwt. to 54 dwt. to the fathom. Some shareholder should ask Mr. Lyttelton Gell who was responsible for the insertion of these puffs, by means of which the shares were pushed up to high premiums. After the blank disappointment about the payability of the wash that came like a nipping frost at the beginning of the year, one would have thought that the directors would have husbanded the resources of the company. On the contrary they "have aimed at spreading the company's investments over a wider area of the Madame Berry Lead", and have apparently been putting their money into the Berry United Deep Leads. From the balance-sheet we see that £60,063 have been invested in "stocks, shares, and debentures at or under cost." It is most important that the shareholders should know what has become of such portion of their capital as has not been lost in the Loddon Valley, and the chairman should be called upon to state what are the stocks, shares, and debentures for which this large sum of money stands. We find that "preliminary and formation expenses" still stand on the credit side for £21,287, and out of an issued capital of £198,620 we should say that the only liquid asset of the company is £29,833 invested in "loans at short notice", though it would be as well for the shareholders to ask Mr. Gell on what security these loans are made, as it is quite possible that they have been advanced to companies which are in no better plight than Consolidated Deep Leads.

Anyone who is looking for a cheap and sound speculative investment should buy Cordoba Central Income Debentures (Central Northern Section), which stand about 64, and yield on last year's dividends a trifle over 6 per cent. New England Brewery ordinary shares received a dividend of 8 per cent. the other day; and as the £10 shares are at £5 the yield is 16 per cent. An ingenious provision in the United Services Co-operative Hotel scheme, of which the prospectus will be available on Monday, is that £10 qualifies subscribers for the special tariff. If the capital is subscribed, this will assure a large clientele from the very start of the company.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

(BY A MEMBER.)

THE week has been somewhat without momentous matter, deficient in interest to the majority of members who need provocation before they can be stirred into attention. Business that is largely non-contentious seems to have few attractions for the average legislator, who measures importance by the barometer of his bad-feeling, and will attend eagerly when pugnacious concerning a measure of doubtful but argumentative worth, though in support of matter universally allowed to be both excellent and urgent he walks the lobbies exhibiting every mark of indifference.

The Army Bill dragged out its weary length for the first three days of the week, and no one was sorry to see the last of it on Wednesday, when it was dispatched, after a third reading, with no greater ignominy attached to its future career than the adverse votes of the combined Labour and Nationalist parties. Mr. Haldane should have stiffened his back on the question of drill instruction and cadet corps in schools. Some Radical members thought they had scored a point by asking what use these child armies would be in time of war; an inquiry with as much point as one that questioned the utility of Chelsea pensioners in time of peace. Another honourable member argued (doubtless from a thorough understanding of his own feelings towards the classics) that by teaching a boy the use of the rifle at school, you inspired in his breast a hatred of the weapon that would last him through life: if this be so, it is evident that the ready way to kill the military spirit is to cause all boys compulsorily to enlist in rifle corps in every school throughout the kingdom, thus ensuring when years of discretion are reached that no modicum of valour be left. When the German invasion comes, the country will have for its protection the person of Mr. Byles, who, descending to the beach in the clothes of Canute, will stem the onrush of the enemy with decantations of peace.

Mr. F. E. Smith on Monday showed up Major Seely in a saner moment of long since, during which the gallant member had been moved to make a speech powerfully advocating this very principle of rifle drill for every male in the country, urging at the same time that nine-tenths of the people would welcome it. There was no escape from this recitation, and no answer to Mr. Smith's indictment, but Major Seely foolishly attempted both: he called for the rest of the speech, the implication being that his attacker had made a garbled extract distorted by lack of context, with the hope underlying that no further portion of the speech than that already read was in the hands of his adversary. Mr. Smith, however, had columns at his command, and the further he went the more inextricably did he entangle Major Seely in the meshes of his past militarism.

Altogether the anti-war pro-Boer spirit (founded after all but on the virtuous aversion that humanity at all times displays towards the paying of a bill) has been responsible for the utterance of a great deal of pernicious nonsense of late. The fumes of this together with the fires that cause them will be dispersed and extinguished, it is to be hoped, by the resurrection of a submerged common-sense before the coming of another "whiff of grape-shot".

Even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman seems to think that matters have now gone far enough. Evidently resigning the present generation to sink into senility, foolish as they were born, he strikes a blow for the protection of posterity, and gives the bad boy an honest slap on the back. In addressing the boys of the Leys School at Cambridge last week, he told them not to be too good; a sound but surprising piece of advice that has given heartburn to the headmasters, and has been taken in the House to indicate that the Prime Minister secretly favours rifle practice in the schools.

Tuesday brought with it a "scene", one of those sudden occurrences that flare up in a moment, caused by the misdirected dropping of a word into the ear of an excited partisan.

The rules of the House are such as to permit Mr. Morley, though with the sympathy and support of nine-tenths of the House on his side, to be attacked at question time by a few motley blades on matters of the greatest delicacy and moment in India. These fanatical blacklegs, outside all the trade unions of the commonweal, use the penknife of their privilege to open up mischief like an oyster. They poke round a Minister, and pry into a subject in the mere hope that they may light upon something wherewith to make a stench, much as a wastrel goes padding down the pavement in search of cigar butts. Moved to irritation by the persistency of these gentry, Sir Howard Vincent put the other side of the case to himself aloud, and suggested a halter as an alternative to a halo when rebellion came for its reward. Instantly Mr. McNeil was in the air, followed by Mr. W. Redmond

and other sympathisers with sedition ; here was their chance, they had drawn Mr. Morley blank, but at last and at least they had routed out a red herring from Sheffield. Mr. Speaker was invoked with yells, though so choked was Mr. McNeill with joy and garrulity that he became incoherent, and it was some time before he could tell the House what it was he had overheard. Sir Howard Vincent came in for a dignified rebuke from the Chair on account of his interjectory methods, and another from Mr. Morley, who congratulated the Empire at large that the honourable baronet was not in office. But those who had brought about the whole business by their ill-timed mischief-meant interrogations ; those who dragged into public an expression that only became harmful when it became public, those in fact who had exposed indiscretion from a delight in indecency, received no rebuke. The world was none the wiser and not the worse had Mr. McNeill and his magpies kept their seats. "Business done"—Sir Howard Vincent blushed.

No better indication could be given of the change that has come over the Parliamentary grouping than the reception given to the Bill for the Inspection of Monasteries and Convents. This Bill last year, when introduced by Mr. Corbett from Ulster, and opposed by Mr. W. Redmond from Clare, was rejected by some hundred majority, made up largely of those who would use any Nationalist stick to beat a Unionist. But those who lent their aid on that occasion have since themselves been spurned, their Council Bill despised, and their Jarrow candidate opposed. As warned by Mr. Chamberlain at the time, the salving process has ceased and the swallowing begun. In these circumstances what more obvious than the necessity to inspect the convents of Roman Catholicism ? Nonconformity refuses to be absorbed without a struggle, and will see to it that the operation does not succeed free from the pangs of indigestion. So the majority of last year is turned into a minority. Mr. W. Redmond throwing off the blarney becomes the bully, and the Nationalist and Nonconformist are left face to face in all the nakedness of immeasurable polarity.

Never had mountain such trouble to get itself delivered of a mouse as the Government are having with the House of Lords resolution. After months of conceiving, sufficient shape is given to the proposal and its birthday is publicly announced. But Lord Robert Cecil, by a judicious use of the rules of the House, seemed to have the power of life or death in his hands, and proposed to inflict death as a punishment on the Government for the perfunctory performance of a promise to amend the very anomaly he was turning to account. So the Gilbertian spectacle was displayed to an amused electorate of a Prime Minister, leading the biggest majority in history, on the knee to a private member of the Opposition for leave to let his lightning go off, and for permission to take his thunder from the box. Lord Robert was melted into consent.

"THE SORROWS OF IRELAND."

[By the author of "Economics for Irishmen."]

VII.—SINN FEIN.

THESE two words, meaning "Ourselves" and pronounced "Shin Fane", were first put together by Mr. Davitt to tell Ireland that a nation, like a man, had better depend on herself, which a people so clever could have discovered long ago had they been in the enjoyment of their faculties, and not dependent on "organisation" for what they must "think". In the countries where people are permitted to have minds, the boy learns these domestic truths at his mother's knee, and he enters on the rivalries of life with a clear eye on the inspiring spaces ever vacant at the top, where effort is so much easier, building the growth of his country unconsciously in his own; but in Ireland, where Cardinal Logue gets men dismissed, and their industry closed, for saying that parents ought to think about the education of their children, every process of life tends to be "organised" into abnormal self-consciousness, and even "Ourselves" becomes a political formula, once again substituting artificial definition for normal

impulse as the motive power of life, with a new set of "great men", and a new set of greater women, to live on us by the new "movement". Our Madame de Staél has gone to Paris for good, finding our manhood too feeble or too shy, but Sinn Fein remains a petticoat philosophy, with a feminine peevishness in its beard, and with a female disregard for the restraints of strength. The aim was individual and intellectual ; the result is an addition to the collective tyrannies over intellect, and beauty inspires valour to a penny weekly scream. All real intellect is of necessity individual, and can be organised to advantage only with its own volition, if at all ; but in Ireland we set up the organisation first, and bid intellect obey, which is bidding it to depart or perish. Sinn Fein is the latest organised proof of the impossibility of intellectual existence in Ireland.

Mr. Davitt did not mean rebellion by "Sinn Fein". He meant rather to set the people studying such far deeper questions as these : "How can expenditure on education help a people who dare not make use of their minds when they are educated, and how can they help being poor and weak while they are afraid to think about their means to live?" Raw, young rebels came to ask him what he meant, pressing him to heroic purposes, and he pointed them to his rifle, asking, "Have you rifles?" No, they had not thought even of that—had they been permitted to think at all, they might have thought of something more useful. If any man could discount the face value of Irish rebellion, that man was Mr. Davitt. After "drawing off his forces" from the attack on Chester Castle, he had found himself on the Liverpool landing-stage with the exact total of three-halfpence to breakfast his army ; and he had been through the star-spangled melodrama that is still coloured in the American kitchen, on its too green background, for the benefit of the Parliamentary Fund—"the greater Ireland beyond the seas" has been one of Ireland's greatest curses at home, always pushing her into the mud, and leaving her there, while Uncle Sam kept our warriors, male and female, still cooking his chops, carrying up his bricks, and preparing his cocktails. For twenty years Davitt lived behind his revolver, and the oath of his intended assassin still in his ears since he had carried a majority of the Fenians in favour of Parnell and against revolution. Incessantly suspected of treason for his hatred of the classes, and of loyalty for his sympathy with the masses, he groaned to his grave between British manacles and American murderers, while "the greater Ireland across the seas" sent home enough coppers to do the utmost harm, but not enough of anything to make the smallest compensation. When he saw that constitutional methods were the only hope, he showed as much courage in defending his convictions as he had shown in his three-halfpenny commissariat at Chester, with the good of his own people for his sole aim all the time, and the charge of "traitor" so much harder to bear than that of "rebel"; yet a cushioned female in the councils of Sinn Fein sneers at him now for having "abandoned the ideals of his youth".

Sinn Fein started for constructive thought, but the priest was still too strong for that, and it continues as an artillery of chiffon, with a claw in the fur always strong enough to excite enmity, and always weak enough to assure the contempt of the enemy, while a whole people are discredited in silence for the hysterical fanaticism of an over-articulate few. We can all see that Calvin's latest toy for "the Scarlet Woman" might have been much more valuable but for the vagaries of Sinn Fein, again sacrificing the practicable to the impossible ; and yet the rebel is the priest's last asset in bargaining with the British purse for power over Irish life. The Sinn Fein rebel who hurls defiance at the mightiest of all the empires turns pale before the village curate and his sway over the territories of eternity ; therefore, he is held in the clerical leash, to be slipped or strangled according to the terms of the traffic between the imperial purse-holder and the parish conscience-monger. Hence the imperial compact that continues between Calvin and "the Scarlet Woman". He wants votes and she wants money. He wants to rule the empire and she wants to rule Ireland. She does not mind his nonconformist

conscience so long as his purse is big, and he does not mind the flavour of her "Scarlet" draperies so long as she helps to keep him in office. "The clergy that teach have never received a true education", says Bishop O'Dwyer, and there can be "no laymen competent to teach at all", seeing that "Almost all secular education is in the hands of the clergy" who "come out of Maynooth . . . deficient in a something which cultivates a sense of honour"; yet Britain puts all our educational resources into their hands, and then complains on finding the national character a little twisted, out of line with the simple, straight instincts of the Saxon. Would it not be better to get directly at the God-given humanity of the Irish layman, and let education, in his own control, reveal to him what his real interests are? As a human being, he wants to live, as well as he may, and his own mind, once at his own command, would surely show him that his interest was not in the eternal enmity of an impossibly strong neighbour, who is ready to be as much his friend the moment friendship can be sanely trusted. Besides, self-education would afford the truest of all experience to prepare for self-government, and if the layman still persisted in leaving the democratic process in education a clerical and rebel asset, well, then let him do without Home Rule. So long as the village publican who administers local government may have his business ruined by a vote on the parish pump against the priest's will, we cannot expect much improvement in that direction, and such facts are commonly quoted against Home Rule; but make the schoolmaster a free man, with an income worthy of his work, and his pupils must become free men, so numerous that the priest could not possibly destroy them all. Give me the control of Irish education for twenty years, and I will give you a new nation.

As the Gaelic League arose out of Parnellism, Sinn Fein, in its present form, arises out of the Gaelic League, through a minority who felt that man could not live by philology alone. They were young, and the chaos of Parnellism, revealing the multitude of their mud gods, had set them adrift from the constitutional idea; but immediately the priest did his best to annex them, and now most of their leaders are among the most priest-ridden in Ireland, while a smaller section drift towards atheism and revolution. The grip of the priest remains the strongest, of course, and now our Sinn Fein rebel has to climb the ladder of life with his head in a Roman halter and his feet in a British fetter, jointly operated; but instead of telling straight why he cannot climb, as he might do if he had mind and will, he starts "movement" after "movement", all to end at the will of those who pull the strings on both sides. At a suggestion from Westminster, a string is pulled in Italy, by an Italian, and our rebel turns pale at Ballyhooly. He tugs bravely at the British fetter, but he dares not agitate the Roman halter, which holds the more vital part of him, and whenever there is the smallest sign of "freedom" for him at one end, he is pulled to prompt submission at the other. Yet Sinn Fein was started for "Ourselves Alone", to "make Ireland Irish", to turn her mind on her own destiny, to get action out of ideas, and to get progress out of action; and the trembling leaders still pretend to be in earnest, ready enough to make Ireland Irish in so far as Britain is concerned, but still more ready to make her perfectly Italian at the first touch of the Ultramontane button. In Sinn Fein, as in everything else, the Irish, not daring to think or to act on their thought, start "organisations" as the alternative, and the priest gets control of every organisation in proportion as it becomes strong enough to be of use to him. Ideas would be better than organisations, but here comes education again, and I have already shown the impossibility of producing a schoolmaster with an idea where "almost all secular education is in the hands of the clergy", who have had "no true education", and are "deficient in a something which cultivates a sense of honour". In telling the truth so plainly, Bishop O'Dwyer has done a service to his country, and a greater service to his religion, which cannot gain by being made an instrument of tyranny and ignorance, as his lordship shows it to be. The Church that cannot face its own moral diseases cannot live, and the strange

thing is that the other bishops, knowing the facts as well, remain silent.

Our rebel's religion, in its integrity, affords as much freedom as any other, and more than many, but the priest will not let him know that, which is enslavement in itself; and the laws under which he lives afford more freedom than any other laws under the sun, but the priest's elected leader will not let him know that, which doubles his enslavement; and the priest supports the dominion of the leader so long as the leader supports the dominion of the priest. Between the two Ireland escapes to America, and so complete is the dual tyranny that Sinn Fein hardly dares to mention it, threatening British misgovernment, but ignoring the peculiarly Irish tyrannies that make it inevitable. Good government under the democratic definition is for ever impossible to a people so long as they are incapable of free opinion among themselves, and Sinn Fein is our newest organisation against free opinion in Ireland.

Under the Sinn Fein theory, Ireland is now to shut herself out from all parts of the world (except one city in Italy), at a time when all the progressive peoples are increasingly anxious to get into closer touch with one another, and to learn from one another for their mutual advantage. "The Island of Saints and Scholars", enlightened for sixteen centuries by "the only true religion", is to put on the second-hand clothes cast off by Shintoism in Japan to make that country a first-rate Power in a few years. We are already practising a sort of self-imposed Protection, under which everybody is to buy Irish commodities from everybody else at more than their market value; and Sinn Fein denounces any thinker viciously who asks where is the net gain to the nation from taking so much out of one man's pocket and putting it into another's. The multitude of increased prices paid may "create employment" for somebody, and that is "seen", as Bastiat would put it; but it is not seen that the sum of the unnecessary excesses is a sacrifice on the part of those who pay, with a proportionate liability to lessen employment somewhere else; and it is not seen that the only safe basis of industrial development is the efficiency to produce and to offer equal value with the producer competing from outside. We must not mention the industrial inefficiency of the Irishman. It would be "unpopular", and the penny weekly scream may not always be able to depend on subsidised fanaticism. We have now been "reviving" in this "organised" manner for some time, but our industrial total still goes down, and must go down until we become as efficient as those with whom we have to compete.

My main objection to Sinn Fein is that it is so immoral. For example, it preaches a gospel of hate in place of Christian feeling, and it drags the nation down from the plane of intellect to the plane of passion, which is cruel as well as immoral, seeing that it means uncompensated pain, not to mention the deadly results to life and to the nation, causing the normal man to escape from Ireland as soon as he can. Cruelty and immorality are not native Irish characteristics, but when a cardinal makes thought a crime, "organisation" supersedes intellect, and by the better nature of man, which declines to be "organised", it is always easier to organise his vices than his virtues, putting the worst of him in evidence to the world, and crushing the best of him, merely that the "great men" and the greater women may scream to distinction at the expense of religion, decency, and nationality.

Sinn Fein has produced economists! They teach the rebels to buy in the dearest market and to sell in the cheapest, which has at least the merit of helping to put an end to themselves. Under this teaching, the rebels buy Irish products at more than their market value, but the gain is wholly to the producers, and these are almost wholly "Unionist bigots", who will not even advertise in the Sinn Fein papers. Some have already made big fortunes out of it, and it is in reality a tax on rebels for the sole benefit of Unionists, but the gospel of passion and hatred which sets a "great man" organising a nation's vices to dominate its virtues will not let him see even the facts that make a fool of himself.

Yet my chief hope for Ireland is in Sinn Fein, relieved of its elaborate lunacy, informed by normal

impulses, and working on the intellectual plane, with mind to think and with will to turn thought into constructive activities, in Ireland and for Ireland; but it cannot be until the individual is set free to work out the progress of his own life, for himself first, and for his country through himself, less consciously than by "organisation", and for that reason more vitally. The Irish Parliamentary Party were better at home feeding pigs, and the spirit that sets a Dublin clerk studying Irish after his day's work is more to a nation than a Parliament. No department of life can be fully efficient without at least such organisation as may order energy; but we must learn to organise from free and efficient individuals into healthy and effective masses, instead of working in the opposite way, downwards, making organisation the end instead of the means, and menacing slaves into unhealthy mobs for the aggrandisement of dictators and the degradation of life. The study of the language is quite in this direction, and we are all for the language now—I have never heard of anyone committing murder or cutting off a cow's tail while engaged in a language lesson.

PAT.

THE UNIVERSITY ELEVENS.

IF the University match on 4, 5, 6 July be played in the summer, there should be some cricket worth seeing. Hitherto both elevens have been playing on sodden wickets, and neither at Oxford nor Cambridge has there been cricket in the warmth for three whole days. This is a fatal thing in University cricket, which lasts such a little time. It is always difficult to choose the right team; in a broken season it is still more difficult; and it will be especially hard at Oxford, where without a doubt there is a dearth of batsmen beyond a certain class. It is precisely among such batsmen that it is so hard to distinguish. At Cambridge it is otherwise. The team is already nearly settled, and its batting will undoubtedly be powerful.

Cambridge, thanks to Mr. Payne, opened the season with a large victory over Lancashire, and it is likely the largeness of it has been morally disastrous for a time to the victors. "Possunt quia posse videntur" may be true of rowing; it is a dangerous maxim in cricket. Still Cambridge, steadied by Mr. Young and Mr. Buchanan, are certain to be very formidable. They have Mr. Payne, who already inspires Oxford bowlers with a certain holiness of terror, and there is, besides Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Young, a long line of batsmen the majority of whom are well up to the traditions of the best University teams. The bowling, too, is not to be despised. Mr. Napier and Mr. Morcom, who, by the way, did not seem so good last year as he was the year before last, are still available; Mr. Goodwin bowls leg-breaks; and Mr. Lyttelton, who will probably be the remaining bowler, mixes the hard with the easy, which is always useful. In Mr. Wright Cambridge have a wonderful field, but the catching as a whole is uncertain. It is a powerful, experienced and confident eleven, known to be capable of brilliant things, but, in spite of Mr. Napier, if there is a weakness anywhere, a little weak in its bowling.

At Oxford there has been no brilliant performance by the whole side, though Mr. Foster has played one brilliant innings, and, better still than brilliancy, Mr. Wright has played with wonderful consistency. No other batsman has done his share. Mr. Gordon and Mr. Bruce have been disappointing. Mr. Hooman, though known to be a fine batsman, has never played like one. Mr. Bowring is very promising, but has not yet made forty. Of the rest nothing need be said. On the whole the batting by the time the 'Varsity match comes should be better than it was last year. The bowling is certainly better. Mr. Gilbert is very good, steady and resourceful. Mr. Lowe also is good, but a little erratic and a little too wide of the wicket. There is also Mr. Gorell-Barnes. He has bowled well, notably against the South Africans, but he is capable of dreadful things. The fast bowler is the problem. Mr. Talbot and Mr. Molyneux are the best. Mr. Talbot has the recommendation of a great size, and he is a fierce hitter. Mr. Bowring has a very puzzling flight.

As with Cambridge, the fielding is uncertain. Mr. Wright will probably keep wicket.

So much for the two sides. Oxford, owing to the college-ground system and the lack of serious net-practice, which is the result of the college-ground system, lack the batsmen of ten years ago. Their bowling is better than usual. Will this outweigh the superior Cambridge batting, and the less good Cambridge bowling? On a wet wicket there is that chance. Whatever happens there will be attractive cricket. Mr. Payne and Mr. Foster are beautiful batsmen, and Mr. Wright is always good at Lord's.

Cricket is in a bad way in the country. If cricket is to flourish as a game and not as a profession, it is from the University elevens that salvation must come. It is because the game is truly played, not, of course, because it is best played, in the University match, that the genuine pilgrims will gather on 4, 5, 6 June at Lord's.

A LITTLE DUCK.

CLANGULA GLAUCION—II.

IN April, with the ice all about him, some beginnings of nuptial activities are to be noted in Clangula glaucion, as in other birds. Beginnings I call them, because even where couples already mated are concerned they have often that appearance, whilst in those that go in flocks, yet are withal single, "los primeros movimientos", to use Don Quijote's expression—on an occasion, if I remember, wherein Sancho, having received an o'er-hasty cuff or two, felt entitled to an explanation—are clearly discernible. They are indicated by a certain continued alacrity, one may almost—indeed quite, while one watches them—say perpetuity of motion which, though it may seem for the first five minutes or so of uninspired observation to be of little moment, becomes more and more fraught with a meaning to the awakening intelligence. The males of the band—there may be three, perhaps, to some ten or a dozen of the other sex—perpetually press the hens, by swimming amongst them in an important and, as it were, responsible manner, as though some great affair, which as yet they hardly understood themselves, were in the air, whilst the hens for their part, though they move through the water after a quieter fashion, do so evidently with the same consciousness upon them. They swim faster, not as avoiding the trio of very fine gentlemen who thus bob about them and flutter them—a little brown crowd of demoiselles—but, rather, responsively, as though filled with the same vague emotion, so that a briskness of movement, corresponding with the increased speed, is communicated to the whole flock; whilst the waves, if there are any—and it is more often rough than calm on the lake—add to the general gaiety of the scene by dancing them all up and down. This, with some little fluctuations, continues for a considerable time; but at length, coming to a head, all the birds together, as though feeling the present condition of things to be untenable, make a little scurry along the water, and then speed away through the air. They fly far, and are soon lost to sight, nor, since they have the whole lake to disport themselves on, does there seem any reason why one should see them again. But the instinct of return to whatever place they have flown from—the material, perhaps, or perhaps the effect of migration—is strong in birds. In a little while there is a small black mark on the horizon; it comes nearer, shaping itself into a line, then a throng, and, winging their way back in swift and arrowy flight, the band, undiminished by a single one of their number, soon reach the retired bay from which they started, and come tumultuously down on it again. Here the same thing begins again. Up and down in the bay the birds go, turning when they get to the outer part of it, and swimming back again into a quiet little nook of the shore, which they seem more particularly to affect, then again out, back once more and out again, a little agitated flotilla, stirred by an inward rather than an outward gale. Then, for a second time, things come to a head, and with another sudden scurry, off again they all fly.

Much in the same way, but with still more fervour,

I have seen male eider-ducks pressing, in early June, upon the females, and in neither case was there any fighting, or even a sign of combativeness, on the part of the rival, or rather mutual, pretendants. Here, indeed, there have only been three of these, but with the eider-ducks, when I have seen them, the sexes have been more evenly divided, and there would often be a mob of half a dozen or more of the delicately gaudy males round a single russet-mantled female. In their general motions and appearance, indeed, as in the colouration of the sexes, the two species, if not really much alike, have at least a reminding resemblance to one another, and, in each, the courting policy, if one may so call it, of the male would appear to consist in this continual brisk pressing against the females, by which means it is probable that he at last succeeds in separating one or another of them from the main body, the two going off as a mated pair. Nor does there seem to be any reason why choice and selection on the part of the female should not enter into this process, for both the pressure and appearance of one male might well, in her estimation, surpass that of another, and with him, in the happy absence of restraining influences—the course of true love runs smoother with birds than with men—she might easily swim apart. There is one very notable difference, however, between the wooing of the male eider-duck and that of his lake-haunting relative. Whilst the former utters, ever and anon, during his gallantries, a note so strange, so wild, yet withal so softly and musically modulated, that the strong though undefined sensation which it produced in me is one which I have ever after longed to feel again, the other, with a name like a pæan, or the beginning of an inspired invocation, is, upon the like occasion, wholly mute. At least he has been so whilst I have been watching him. Later, perhaps, though now would seem to be his opportunity—however, I do not generalise, but record—he has been silent, or, if a quite moderate distance has had anything to do with it, his note, at any rate, must be widely different from his name. This is more than strange. It is discomposing. *Clangula glaucion!* Then could he not clangulate? *Clangula glaucion!*—and dumb! Yet the name—especially if we take *Clangula* to be the Christian portion of it, and it certainly comes first—is as good a one as either *Trismegistus* or *Archimedes*, so that the Shandean hypothesis, in so far as it may have been extended by its author to the animal kingdom—unless, indeed, an exception so striking may be thought rather to fortify it than otherwise—receives a blow through this failure. That the eider-duck, with his haunting love-song, should only have been christened *Somateria mollissima* is hardly a parallel case. General success in life would be sufficient to justify this, or, again, it may be “a neutral name”. But, with the other, the path seems prescribed.

But though it be voiceless, the mode of address by which *Clangula glaucion* is accustomed to urge his suit admits of accentuation. Sometimes, as “the Cyprian” works more strongly, he will not merely press upon, but pursue a female, with a sudden little spurt of speed, which there is no mistaking, and on her diving—the proper rejoinder to “un aveu de la sorte”—will dive after her in the most reckless fashion. With this mark of serious feeling on his part, observation for the time, perforce, ceases, but from the relative positions in which the two emerge, it is evident that the pursuit has continued under water—as would indeed be expected. The male will then often throw up his head with a certain indescribable action, and such energy that the fore part of his body is also affected and rises with a stiffer and more perpendicular movement than any that the waves can impart. The head, in this action, is not only raised, but the beak points heavenwards, with a double motion, symbolical, as it were, of the undoubted origin of the feeling which thus uplifts it. This does not hold, indeed, when both birds sink into the muddy depths—or rather shallows when I have happened to see them—but then, very shortly, up they both come again.

In such light episodes does the season, though wintry, commence to assert itself; and even the quiet natations of a pair of mated birds are sometimes

enlivened by little ebullitions of feeling, as where the husband, in possessive mood, makes suddenly a triumphant, almost a hectoring, rush towards his quiet and demure little companion, raising himself as he does so proudly in the water, his full breast coming on like a boat of snow, his green duck's head—the prow above it—glittering and sparkling in the sunshine. At such times the bright yellow eyes—a very conspicuous feature—look larger and brighter, and have, or seem to have, a sort of satyr-like expression in them, as Pan's himself might be supposed to have, when overtaking Syrinx, or some less elusive nymph. His partner, however, receiving him very sedately, he quiets down, and that with such celerity as almost to make one—as indeed in such and similar cases it often has made me—imagine that the female bird, when thus roughly wooed, may in some way or other be able to make her wishes both known and effective, without any very overt expression of them.

EDMUND SELOUS.

SOR CANDIDA AND THE BIRD.

THE long grey buildings of the convent with their overhanging red-tiled roofs threw a refreshing shadow on the heated street. The sun-parched trees stood stiff and motionless as sentinels frozen at their posts. For months it had not rained in Avila. For miles on every side of the old town, the stone-strewn plains were heated like a kiln. The dark grey walls gave out the heat as you passed by and touched them with your hand. The distant mountains shivered in the heat. Upon the plains the last dead stalks of fennel loomed in the mirage of the heat like palm-trees in the sand. Lakes formed in front of men upon their mules, their faces shielded from the scorching sun by handkerchiefs, and with their stiff Castilian hats pulled down almost upon their shoulders to protect their necks, and then as the mules clattered on the stones, or brushed against the withered herbage with a crackling noise, took themselves further off, as fortune does in life, after one tantalising glance. Sheep and the cattle stood round the deep-dug wells, their heads bowed low, and their flanks heaving in the sun, waiting till evening for the coming of the men to draw the water in the long leather bags. The yellow swirling rivers had dried up, leaving the mud as hard as kaolin, and here and there held thick, green water, with a dead horse or cow, bloated and swollen enormously, just floating on the top. All nature suffered with the heat, and birds approached the houses seeking help, just as they do in northern climates in the frost.

Is there at bottom some mysterious bond between all living things, which, but for our religion and conceit, should have made all the animals and us one clan? Who knows? But on the strip of sand, which in old Spanish towns lies at the edges of the streets, just where the cobbles end, and makes a sort of neutral territory between them and the gutter, right opposite the convent door, a bird lay fluttering with its beak open, and its eyes half closed. It lay half choking in the sun, its beady eyes becoming glazed, and its perhaps immortal little spirit just trembling to be free and join the universal soul; a minute or two more and it would have gone to swell the army of tired soldiers, camels and horses who have died of thirst amongst the sands. But, either, as they say in Spain, God was not willing, or the slight fluttering of the feathers raised a little dust, for at that moment a side door opened, and with a cautious glance to see that no one was about, a nun stepped out, and taking up the bird, bore it into the shade. It lay almost expiring in her hand as she, with many little cries of pity, took a piece of rag and slowly dropped some water in its mouth. As the drops followed one another, it slowly came back to the life it had so nearly left. Its head became less languid, and its eyes brighter, until at last it feebly pecked the hand that held it, making the nun smile, muttering it acted just like a Christian, as she released it, and let it hop about her cell. Then taking up a cane, she split it for a perch, and stuck it in the darkest corner of the cell, making some holes in the rough plastering. All had gone well so far, and on its perch the bird sat resting, and recovering its strength. Quickly she

made a little cage out of split canes, not thinking for a moment that after giving life she thus would take away life's chiefest treasure—liberty; but all in tender heart. The cage contrived—and almost every Spanish woman can make a basket or a bird-cage out of canes—and the revived and still half-drooping little bird duly inducted to its prison, she put a broken saucer and some bread-crums in the cage, and sat down, proud and happy with her work.

Sor Candida was tall and dark, with large black eyes, and a slight pencilling of hair upon her upper lip. Though she had left the world and all its vanities, losing her liberty, perhaps to save herself from want, just as she had herself deprived the bird of his for the same cause, her walk was springy, and she retained that easy swinging of the hips which is the race mark of the women of the Spains. Had she been in the world, no doubt as she walked through the plaza or the street, "God bless your mother," "Long live grace," and other cries of admiration would have followed her, and even as it was, the priests who visited the convent, and talked occasionally in the dark "locutorio" through the grating to the nuns, would sometimes say to one another that "Sister Candida was the fine essence of true salt, a pearl that God himself, no doubt, was pleased to wear". In the same way, a bullfighter who has left the ring, if he pass near a bull, rarely refrains from "challenging", as those intelligent in such things say, by shouting loudly, and by stamping with his feet.

Her happiness was just at its height, and she was praising God for having sent her just in time (another proof, if one were wanted, of His goodness towards all created things; well is it said that not a sparrow falls without His ken) to save the little life, and thinking to herself what name to give her prisoner, when a doubt arose. Her heart stopped beating for a moment as she thought the convent rules allowed no property. Nothing but articles of individual use, a rosary, a book of hours, a hair shirt, or a scourge, was fitting for a nun professed of the discolored and blessed order, which the great Saint of Avila herself had purified. Pets were not to be thought of, and she reflected that it seemed ages since she had known the bird, and he on his part twisted round his head, seeming to watch her movements in the cell.

All might have yet been well, had she but yielded to that unstable guide, mere reason, and opening the cell door, allowed the bird to fly. He would have launched himself into the air with a glad chirp, for by this time the heat had moderated as eventide drew near, and flown refreshed to greet his friends, and tell them in the trees, or in the corner where he had his little home beneath the overhanging roof of some high belfry, of the amazing charity of a great being, tall as is a tower.

Sor Candida, young, kindly, and deprived of love by the religious life, felt if she let her new companion go that she would feel as does a man cast on a desert island with but one fellow, if that fellow dies.

Surely God would not be enraged if she allowed the bird to stay! Had He not sent him to her, or her to him, just in the nick of time? He looked so pretty with his round beady eyes, which followed her about. Besides, she felt he was too weak to fly, so as the convent bell rang out for benediction, and the shadows lengthened, stretching across the cell till they bathed half of it in a cool darkness, she took a handkerchief, and having covered up the cage, hurried off to the choir.

Perhaps her thoughts strayed from the contemplation of the Saviour's passion, realistically set forth ("to a bad Christ, much blood"), and from the antiphones, to her own cell, where in a corner the precious bird was sleeping, after his escape. The office over, all the nuns walked in the garden, pacing to and fro, glad to escape the heat the stones threw out at sunset, and to enjoy the air. Some sat and talked about the little gossip of the place, whilst others roamed about alone, turning incessantly when they reached the wall, just like wild animals shut in a cage in public gardens, to be gaped upon by fools. Others, who had the gift of prayer, sat alone enrapt, their lips just moving, and their beads slipping mechanically through their fingers as their

souls strove to join themselves with God. Friends walked about in pairs, chattering and laughing almost as gaily as girls do in the world, and even pinching one another on the sly. And as they walked, the bell of the cathedral rang out its martial tones, sounding as if from the stiff arm of some recumbent warrior in the choir a shield had fallen upon the stones.

The breeze just rustled in the trees, stirring their parched and thirsty leaves with a metallic sound. A coolness fell upon the land, and from the country came the lowing of the cows as they approached the well, where, since the sun had set, stood shepherds, their sheepskin jackets thrown upon the ground, as they strained on the rope which, passing through a wooden pulley, held a leathern bucket, just as in farthest Naboléa Esau gave water to his herds.

So still the air was that the warning of the clock in the great tower upon the walls, before it struck, was heard across the town, whilst from the thirsty ground a scent of freshness came, as if to tell mankind that, down below the surface, all vegetation was alive though sleeping through the heat.

But all against the convent rules, the bird continued to sing on, and in the summer mornings, before the enemy, the sun, came out declaring war upon mankind, Sor Candida's most intimate and dearest friends used to assemble stealthily and fill her cell, to hear its melody. The delightful sense of doing something wrong—surely stolen music is as sweet as stolen waters—increased their pleasure, and they would sit enrapt, closing their eyes, to hear it lift its little canticle.

Holding each other's hands they sat, whilst one placed at the door looked through a chink, to give the alarm if the superior should come upon her rounds. All prospered, and the bird waxed fat, fed with nefarious rape and hempseed, introduced contraband into the convent by a sympathising lay sister who went into the world to buy provisions, and his singing ravished the nuns into an ecstasy of innocent delight.

At times, Sor Candida would say, "Sisters, it seems impossible but that the Lord is pleased to hear the harmony the little one pours forth, all in His praise". And they, answering, would repeat gravely, "Yes, little sister, it must be so"; then they would push a piece of groundsel into the cage, for never had the garden of the convent been so free of weeds as since the advent of the little minstrel, saved so providentially, to sing the praises of the Lord.

All went on well, day following day, and though no doubt the bird mourned for the reasonable converse of his kind, and wondered how the world wagged with his fellows, he still grew fat, as it is said did Silvio Pellico, although we have no record of his song.

But, one fine morning as they sat listening to the feathered psalmody, all lost in admiration, and with the ready tear of simple souls glistening in all their eyes, a knock was heard, and the cell door flung open showed the superior standing in their midst. Sternly she gazed, her broad white "tocs" looking like driven snow against the dark brown habit which she wore, of the same make and quality as that worn by the foundress of their order, she who although she sits at the right hand, perhaps by virtue even more of her humanity than of her saintship, is yet a colonel of artillery, where the blood-red and orange banner floats against the sky. Her rosary hung by her side, the beads of coral and the little chains which held them, hammer wrought, with the "Maria" made in Zaragoza, bearing the figure of the "Virgen del Pilar". A round medallion of the blessed foundress hung about her neck, and her bare feet, thrust into hempen sandals, were white and clean, the blue veins standing out upon the insteps, showing she followed the injunctions of her saint who said, "My daughters, it is dreadful to be foul". Her shale-black hair, half hidden by the "tocs", was silverying at the temples, and her round, fat, good-tempered face was puckered to a frown.

"Daughters," she said, "what brings so many of you here into one cell, as if you were conspirators? You know our rules forbid one nun to go into another's cell without permission, and never with closed doors."

The nuns stood silent, cowering together like wild mares in a corrál. Then from the corner of the cell

there came a muffled chirp, where the cage, hastily covered with a pocket-handkerchief, did not exclude the light. The prioress made a step forward, and, uncovering the cage, saw at a glance the motive of the nuns' silence, and the offender against all her rules serenely seated on his perch. Setting her face as sternly as she could, she said :

" Which of you is it who has brought this bird into the cell ? All of you know that anything, animate or inanimate, which causes a nun's heart to stray from its allegiance to her spiritual husband, Christ, not only violates the spirit, but the letter of our rule."

Still no one answered, till, at last, pushed by the rest, Sor Candida, drying her tears and with one hand upon the little cage, as if to save it from the wrath of heaven, stood forth, and with the eloquence which has absorbed the entire activity of her race, took up her parable.

She laid herself upon the mercy, both of heaven and the prioress ; told how, from her window, she had seen the bird lie choking in the sand, felt for its little agony, and had remembered, that, when upon the cross, our Lord had suffered all, but thirst, without complaint, and how something, she knew not what, had bade her venture, although she knew that by thus stepping out into the street she had fallen into sin.

Then as her voice gained strength, and as she saw the encouraging glances of her fellow culprits, she explained how that (" and this the prioress knew well ") one sin leads to another, and by degrees, all she had done seemed to grow natural, and it at last appeared that she had known the little bird for years.

The prioress stood listening, letting her beads mechanically slip between her fingers, whilst her eyes now and then looked vacant, as if her thoughts were straying to the patio of some brown Castilian grange, where children played about, and where just underneath the eaves, birds hung in cages, singing all the day.

The nuns all marked the look, and pressing closer to Sor Candida, encouraged her to speak. She told how, when the bird first sang, she thought the angels had come into the cell, and how she felt that all its singing was to God's glory, and then, the words half choking her in the sudden rush of explanation, she begged forgiveness, saying that, if the prioress opened the cage and let the bird escape, she had better also open the convent door and thrust her out into the street. She stopped, and for a moment nothing was heard but the nuns' stifled sobbing, until the prioress, with the frown almost vanished from her face, said :

" Daughter, you have acted wrongly, but we are human ; let me see the little creature closer," and when they brought the cage, put out a plump white finger, and allowed the bird to peck at it, so naturally, it seemed as if instead of a grave nun of high position, she was a simple woman in the world.

Unwittingly she had exposed herself to the dread influence of sympathy, and as she stood a moment undecided, one of the sisters seized the hand which hung down by her side, and kissed it, whilst the others, crowding about her, all found voice to beg for the retention of the little bird, which seated on its perch seemed to survey them critically, an attitude which it is not impossible is frequent in animals towards men. The prioress, after a moment or two's silence, drew herself up and said :

" Daughters, our good provincial comes to-morrow on a visit of inspection, and I will tell him what has occurred, and as he settles, so it shall be done." As she stopped speaking, the angelus called the nuns into the choir, and trooping out, they took their places in their stalls.

Next morning brought the provincial, who, in a shabby cab, drove to the door, looking incongruous, just as a nun looks out of place when travelling in a train. Had he but ambled to the door upon a mule, all would have been in keeping, except the canvas sand-shoes, which he wore in lieu of sandals, perhaps out of a half-felt spirit of homage to external progress, content to pass as a reformer to the outward eye, so that he kept the inward vision well obscured with the theology which he had learned in youth, or may be for his corns.

Withal an able man, and active in the business of the order, untiring in all things pertaining to the welfare of the province over which he ruled. Well educated, but not intellectual, for " quod natura non dat, Salamanca non praestat ", he yet had that dry humour, so common throughout Spain, together with a democratic freedom in address, unknown in northern countries, and which perhaps the Arabs left as a memorial of their sway.

When he had had his chocolate, and gone minutely into all the details of the convent with the prioress, and when the sweets, for which the nuns were famous, the hard quince cheese and sweet-potatoes swimming in syrup thick as honey, with the turón from Alicante, and the white cakes with caraways incrusted on the paste, were set upon the table, seated in a high-backed chair, the seat, of leather deeply stamped, held to the framework by brass-headed, hand-made nails, he said :

" How go our daughters in the Lord ? Nuns, as our blessed foundress said, are ill to rule, and I to whom it is appointed to govern and inspect, know that they sometimes prove as difficult to manage as a flock of sheep. I speak under due licence and with pardon, for we should not compare a Christian to a beast."

Then, drawing out his snuffbox, he tapped it in a contemplative way and took a pinch, brushing the residue from off his nostrils with a brown, hairy hand.

The prioress, who saw her opportunity, smiled and said :

" Surely your paternity does not imagine that I guide my flock after the fashion that a muleteer drives mules by shouting ' Arré ' at them and by throwing stones ? "

He laughed and said the answer was as full of grace as is an egg of meat, and after he had blown his nose with a not over-clean red cotton handkerchief, the prioress placed before him the difficulty that had arisen, and asked advice whether the bird might be retained, and, if it were retained, was it likely it would prove a stumbling-block, turning the minds of those who ought to think on spiritual things to the mere matters of the world ?

Taking a piece of sweet-potato on the end of his broad pointed knife, the provincial conveyed it dexterously into his mouth, and swallowing it with a sound as when a duck plunges his beak below the water of a pond to eat a weed, and having wiped his mouth upon the tablecloth, for a moment closed his eyes, and then began to give his dictum on the case.

" Most of the trouble that we have in life," he said, " is due to human nature, which we can modify and alter, just as we can convey the water from a spring in a lead pipe into a house, so that the pressure be great enough to make it rise."

" Ah," the prioress cut in, " it is then pressure that makes the water rise. I never understood it, or how it was the water came into a house simply by laying down a pipe. . . . Wonderful, indeed, are the Almighty's ways ; but there are other things, and how a key turns in a lock, and why the water rises in a pump, I cannot understand . . . but life is full of mysteries that no one can explain."

" Mother," the visitor rejoined, " the mind of woman is not made for science ; there are mysteries which it is best that only men should pry into ; believe me, peaches lose their bloom by being rubbed even with a silk handkerchief. Faith is your province, and the things that you have mentioned you had better take on trust, knowing that those, competent by their sex and education to deal with problems such as these, have solved them once for all. What says S. Chrysostom, ' Mens feminae non est . . . ' but why quote Latin ? and besides, we stray far from our text. I have been thinking as I spoke, on this thing and on that, and as I said, nature cannot be stifled, and it may be that it is not entirely without some great design that Providence has thus permitted this little creature of His own creating to have come into your lives. I would not that the sisters set their affections too much on the bird ; but it may serve perhaps to show them resignation to the conventual life, being as it were itself an inmate of a cell, within a cell. So, for the present it can remain, and I will ask our Vicar-General when I see him, if I have acted well."

The prioress thanked him, and said she would convey what he had said to Sister Candida and to the other nuns, and he, having taken leave, got back into his cab, and disappeared down the steep, stony street, the driver cracking his whip noisily as he sat with a rein in either hand, chewing a burnt-out stump of a cigar.

The good news spread at once, and Sister Candida became a hero with the simple nuns. The rescued bird little by little grew in favour with the nuns, who all declared to hear him sing was next to listening to the angels. Even the prioress brought him some sugar now and then, and smiled good-naturedly upon Sor Candida when she launched out into his praise. Occasionally, so much he waxed in favour and in grace, his cage was taken into church, and as the organ pealed he twitteringly sang his little paean to the Lord, making the nuns rejoice.

A year passed by, and once again the short but fierce Castilian summer heated the rocks of Avila, making the lichens and the mosses, with which the winter rains had clothed them, here and there shrivel like leather left out in the sun. Once more the parameras turned as brown as is the Sahara, and round the wells once more the expectant cattle waited for evening with their heads hanging to the ground. The convent once again threw a cool shadow on the street, and on the distant mountains of the Gredos only faint lines of snow remained that looked like veins of quartz or marble, seen in the clear white light. The heat continued into autumn, till the great day when Avila turns out to honour her who, born a simple gentlewoman, died the most human of the saints.

The convent was astir, and all the nuns from early dawn were running up and down, decking the church with flowers. Even the prioress abated somewhat of her dignity, and as she mopped her face and drank repeatedly from the white porous bottle from Andújar, hung up in the draught to keep the water cool, said she had never seen the blessed foundress' day so stifling, and that she understood how much the Blessed Mother, born in cool Avila, had suffered in her journeys to the South. Services followed fast on one another, and high mass over, the nuns all crowded to the windows to see the image of the saint borne in procession through the streets. Aloft upon men's shoulders, and swaying to and fro as they with difficulty passed through the crowded streets, the saint appeared, her halo round her head, and in her hand one of her books, the other stretched in attitude of benediction to the crowd.

All the old palaces were crowded to the roofs. On all the balconies women with flowers in their coarse black hair leaned on each other's shoulders, and in the blazing sun the men and boys, their sleek and close-cropped heads impervious to the heat, stood and admired, taking their cigarettes out of their mouths just as the saint drew level with them, and replacing them at once as she passed on, the bearers holding theirs unlit between their fingers stained with tobacco juice. From the adjoining country tall and sinewy men, clad in short jackets and in knee-breeches, stood holding their stiff felt hats, their heads bound round with handkerchiefs, which they wore turbanwise with the ends hanging down. Their wives and daughters, dressed in short bell-shaped skirts, puffed out with many-coloured flannel petticoats, had handkerchiefs crossed on their breasts, and their hair hanging down their backs. As the procession passed they crossed themselves and fell upon their knees.

It took its way down tortuous cobbled streets, passed mediaeval houses with their coats of arms speaking of when the mystic city deserved its name of "Avila of the Knights", by little plazas in which acacias grew, by the cathedral door, half fortress and half church, whose battlemented walls contrast so strangely with its belfry and its bells, until it reached the gate, where it came out upon the road to San José, the first foundation of the saint. All day the cannon roared, and in the churches services succeeded services, and Avila, for once, woke up in its desire to honour her who has made it known to all the world.

Inside the convent, when at last the services were done, and as the nuns sat talking in the refectory after

their evening meal, the door was opened, and Sor Candida appeared, pale and with staring eyes, and in response to their enquiries exclaimed the "sin against the Holy Ghost", and rushed back to her cell. The nuns sat horrified, and the prioress, taking some holy water and a taper as arms against the evil one, who she averred must suddenly have fallen upon Sor Candida, went, amongst exclamations from the sisterhood of horror and alarm, to see what had occurred.

She paused before the door, and, looking in, saw kneeling on the floor Sor Candida, sobbing and calling down the curses of the Lord upon her head. Before her on a chair was set the little cage, where once the rescued bird had sat upon his perch, and had poured forth the melodies which, as the nuns averred, were praises to the Lord.

The cage was there, a lump of sugar and a piece of groundsel, dried brown with heat, were sticking in its bars. The earthen water-vessel was upset and dry, and in the bottom lay a little bundle of dishevelled feathers, out of which stuck a head with glassy eyes and beak wide open, showing that the poor occupant of the cane cell had died of thirst; but rescued, as it seemed, to taste once more the bitterness of death by an inexorable fate.

Tears blurred the eyes of the good-natured prioress. Twice she essayed to speak, and then Sor Candida, rising from her knees, looked at her wildly and exclaimed: "This is the sin against the Holy Ghost I have committed."

"Whilst I prayed in the church and sat and watched our saint borne through her town in triumph, this little one of God lay choking in the heat."

"How could the saint forget? It would have cost her nothing to have put a thought into my mind."

"This punishment perhaps has come upon me as a warning that we nuns should not attach ourselves to anyone but Christ."

She sank again upon her knees, and the poor prioress, having again assayed to speak without avail, stood playing nervously with the Maria of her rosary.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD AND AGRICULTURE IN YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Driffield, E. Yorks, 20 June, 1907.

SIR,—I owe an apology to Mr. Rider Haggard. In the extracts from a letter written by me published in your issue of 1 June two statements are incorrect: 1st, Mr. Rider Haggard's sweeping remarks as to the demise of agriculture upon the Yorkshire Wolds were first made public some five or six years ago, and not after his recent visit to the East Riding; 2nd, he did not employ a motor-car during his now historic tour of rural England. In reply to the remainder of the communication he made to you on 5 June the following may not be out of place. He says that he has never heard of Mr. Strickland Constable, and that he cannot find that gentleman's name in the list of rural gentry in his "somewhat elaborate index to 'Rural England'". If this is so, Mr. Haggard's original visitation of Yorkshire must have been cursory indeed, nor could he have given as much attention as might have been expected to the conditions of the county visited by the Coast Erosion Commission a few weeks ago. Sir Charles Strickland and his brother Mr. Strickland Constable own between them very large estates in the East Riding, where both the Strickland and Constable families have been domiciled since the Conquest. Mr. Constable's property, which he inherited from his mother, the last of the Constables of Wassand, adjoins the German Ocean and has been particularly affected by those encroachments of the sea to find a remedy for which the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion was instituted.

Mr. Haggard writes that "no one in his generation has investigated the true conditions of agriculture in England with more care and detail than he". This is a bold statement. Doubtless Mr. Haggard has earnestly endeavoured to use all opportunities of

obtaining as much information as he can upon this very complex subject. Whether conclusions arrived at by a total stranger travelling from one district to another, in which climate, soil, and race differ so greatly as they do in England, are of any value is a matter of opinion. Personally I have no pretension to rival Mr. Haggard in his omniscience, and only ventured to give an opinion upon the condition of agriculture in that corner of our island with which I am really acquainted—i.e. the East Riding of Yorkshire; and I repeat the statement that the farmers on the Yorkshire Wolds are and have been even during the worst periods of agricultural depression singularly prosperous. Nevertheless, no one who understands the character of the British farmer would be surprised if an inquirer who chose to make a cursory inspection of this district, with a mind prepared to find nothing as it should be, should have many complaints and also be enabled to glean enough apparently satisfactory evidence to persuade himself "that agriculture upon the Wolds was not dying but is already dead".

I remain, yours faithfully,
EAST YORKSHIRE.

"LOYAL IRELAND."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I like Mr. Longworth's letter in the last SATURDAY REVIEW, and I intend to do it more justice in one of my articles, probably next week. He says some new things, for example: "'Pat' looks at everything . . . from the 'Catholic' point of view of the 'Freeman's Journal'." I did not know that, and the 'Freeman' appears to hate me particularly. Then, I did not know that the "Freeman" had a "'Catholic' point of view". It seemed to me to be always merely clerical, and thereby necessarily anti-national like Mr. Longworth. How could I think "all Unionists are 'Orangemen'"? Have I not said that some of the Catholic bishops were Unionists, and do I not know the capacity of Irish Catholics for "thinking" as their bishops think, especially when they can increase their law briefs or the "turnover" at their public-houses by it? I did not attempt "a classification of Ireland"; I only attempted a passing analysis of Unionism, taking the Orangeman as a type. True, they have now in Belfast "a Nationalist Roman Catholic as High Sheriff"; but have we not got the Protestant Mr. Swift McNeill on "our side" as assistant High Priest of Clericalism in Parliament, with his eye on India, his mind on Lallh Rajpat, and his ear on Sir Howard Vincent? We exchange with each other this way in a few cases, just to show we are not bigots, and the reason we take such pains to show we are not bigots is because we are. Were we not, there would be no need for the exchange, or for Mr. Longworth to gild his eternal summer from the wintry gloom of his unseasonable and solitary swallow. As to my statement about a Protestant Nationalist of Belfast discharged for his political opinions, Mr. Longworth calls it "absurd", which is discourteous, since mine is simply a statement of fact. In one instance, a Protestant Unionist client of the employer came in and said—"If you keep that man in your employment, I can do no more business with you". The victim is still in Belfast, and only the other day I had a letter from him. I like to keep in touch with Irishmen who are hunted, and to show them how to run profitably, so that they may be able to stay in Ireland, no matter what their opinions either on Parliament or Purgatory. Also I have a strong personal liking for all sorts of rebels, who are generally full of information about the forces against which they rebel. Has Mr. Longworth ever rebelled against anything? Protestant Unionists are not only becoming Home Rulers; some of them are becoming rebels, and the only rebels whom I can take seriously now in Ireland are Protestants who were Unionists. The fact that men in Ireland think as Mr. Longworth thinks is quite enough to make rebels of men who have to live in the same country. Another thing I like: "These latter (operatives in towns) are anti-Home Rulers *like their employers*." Exactly. The italics are mine. In Ireland, a man must think "like

his employer", whether he be a barrister or a boot-blacker, and the Unionism of the Orange lodges is to my knowledge largely kept up in this way. As the bishop controls the conscience of the South, the Grandmaster controls the stomach of the North, though at much disadvantage in the contest, since he cannot reach any organ higher up than the stomach. I know some employers in Ireland who never discharge a servant of the other religion, because they never employ one.

I have always been fond of a critic who could illustrate the truth of the statements of mine which he attacked, and I'd like to be attacked very often by Mr. Longworth.

Yours, &c.
PAT.

BOARD OF TRADE AND FOREIGN TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hamburg, 10 June, 1907.

SIR,—You were good enough to allow me a space on 1 June to draw attention to existing commercial disadvantages, and perhaps you will favour me once more, in order to make my meaning clearer to those who are less acquainted with foreign trade. The matter being of general importance, you will perhaps allow me to be as explicit as possible.

Among the natural advantages of this principal trading port of Germany are its many waterways, through the confluence of several arms of the river, and an affluent as well, by means of which latter a number of canals were carried right through the town already centuries ago, lined by roomy warehouses affording great facilities for storing and distribution, procuring for this important old Hanse town its great eminence in trade. When drawn into the Customs Union after 1870, the municipality, being owners of by far the greatest part of the territory of the port, began to deepen the opposite low-lying, swampy islands for extensive dock arrangements (capital shipbuilding yards exist there too), and did succeed so well at comparatively moderate cost that being satisfied, for the sake of offering trading facilities, with a small return on the outlay; dock charges here are much cheaper than in London, where vested interests of many kinds play so important a rôle. Beside this, ample bonding facilities have been arranged, and are nearly completed now, on the same low-expense principle, which beat everything of that kind in existence elsewhere. In my experience trading expenses generally in this port are even now less than half those of London.

Beyond all these existing advantages, the railways and waterways being owned by the State, the latter grants special rates and facilities for export goods of no small importance; in this respect the boast often heard from shipping circles that they obtain no State subsidies is hardly quite accurate.

Another important advantage in favour of German trade are its Patent Laws. Whilst ours allow foreigners to take out patents and supply Great Britain from abroad, our manufacturers are debarred from acquiring patents here unless they produce here as well. On the top of all this the trade on this side enjoys a very efficient protective duty, and thus it is no wonder that German trade has made such important headway compared with Great Britain, whose traders are absolutely unprotected in any form whatever.

Among the disadvantages brought about by raising revenue on a few articles only, there is one that came under my own observation, and which may well be worth putting on record, as there may also be others of a similar description, making perhaps a very important total.

Early in the 'sixties the aniline dye trade was started in Great Britain, and remained in British hands for several years; but as alcohol forms an important item in its manufacture, and this being heavily taxed for revenue purposes under our existing system, competition in Germany was much facilitated under its more modern system of taxation; perhaps special facilities were granted here also, the German Board of Trade generally evincing some consideration for its traders, which by no means is the rule on our side; taking into account a protective tariff as well, it thus came

naturally to pass that this important trade, originated in Great Britain, went over to Germany more or less complete, at least as regards export.

It can hardly be wondered at that this lack of administrative ability on the part of Great Britain has created a sort of under-valuation of British ability or an excessive estimate of German ability, which has fostered a feeling of disrespect for those victimised by them, as well as a desire for further easy gains. The adoption by Germany of a colonial policy has converted this feeling of disrespect, sometimes approaching contempt, into one of animosity towards Great Britain, of which the undercurrent is as strong as ever notwithstanding friendly exchanges of visits by journalists and others ; there must be no illusion with regard to this.

I trust, Sir, that the present will fully explain my letter of 28 May, and thanking you in advance, believe me, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,
A. DROEGE.

THE LORD CLIVE FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eastbourne, 17 June, 1907.

SIR,—I believe I can give "D. M. M." the information she desires about Lord Clive's Fund. Only widows of officers in the military service of the East India Company who died before retirement and not possessed of a certain sum, I think £2,000, are entitled to pensions from the fund, which is still in existence. If the father of "D. M. M." died while in receipt of colonel's allowances his widow is entitled to the pension. Orphans never had any claim on the fund. I think after the East India Company's demise the heirs of Lord Clive claimed the capital of the fund and are to get it when all just claims on it have been satisfied. It is not available for the erection of memorials except with the consent of those heirs.

Yours faithfully,
J.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 June, 1907.

SIR,—Among your readers there must be some who take an interest in Queen's College, Harley Street. Founded in 1848 by Frederick Denison Maurice and his friends, it led the way in the movement for the higher education of women ; many have owed to it their first impulse towards intellectual life, and have since won distinction in literature, art, and educational work.

But the college has no endowment, and receives no public grants ; and its work and development are hampered by obligations incurred some years ago, when its buildings were improved, and certain alterations were enforced by the ground landlord. Relief from these burdens would materially help development on wider lines, and enable the college to render yet greater services to education.

The Council and Committee feel that the time has come for an appeal to the loyalty and affection of former students and other friends. In support of this appeal, and as an opportunity of renewing old friendships and associations, a dinner will be held on 1 July, the chairman being Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.B., son of the founder. Any who may desire to be present will receive particulars on application to Miss Gardner at the college.

Yours faithfully,
G. C. BELL, Principal.

[Queen's College has a strong claim first of course on its old students, but also on all who have women's welfare at heart.—ED. S.R.]

THE FUTURE OF MISCHA ELMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The great qualities of Mischa Elman's playing have more than once been recognised in your columns, and if I beg your indulgence for some further observa-

tions upon the same subject, it is not because I wish to compete with professional critics, but because I am merely one of that large and miscellaneous body which might, perhaps, describe itself as Mr. Elman's permanent audience. For, on the one hand, professional musicians are too busy to go often to hear the same player, and, on the other hand, the enthusiastic hunters of prodigies and musical curiosities will soon desert Mr. Elman for someone younger or more beautiful. The ultimate reputation of an artist does, therefore, depend very largely upon persons who, though incapable, perhaps, of any kind of musical performance, have been educated to the appreciation of good music and have learned to know the difference between genius and imposture. These, then, are the people who have the deepest interest in the preservation of what is excellent, and I believe that there are hundreds of them who think, like myself, that in the art of Mischa Elman there is something almost without parallel. To judge of him as a boy or a prodigy is now ridiculous : the truth seems rather to be that, besides Dr. Joachim, who belongs to an older generation, there are not more than two or three violinists who can possibly be compared with Mischa Elman. Should he continue to advance with the same giant strides as in the last six months, there are many who will begin to assert with confidence that he is the finest player who ever took a violin into his hand. My object, however, is not to eulogise Mr. Elman but to appeal to all who are in any way concerned with his future to beware that they do not waste this astonishing genius by a misapprehension of its nature. There are two great dangers, the one more sordid, the other more profound in its nature. By the former, I mean that many an artist has been ruined because others have undertaken (in all good faith) to show him how best to make a fortune : by the latter, I mean that the sheer versatility of Mr. Elman, the very fact that he can touch nothing without transforming it into music, might conceivably lead him astray. Now, as to fortune, is it not a plain fact that Mr. Elman's only permanent supporters will be those who wish to hear him play the best music ? The fashion in virtuosity changes, but an artist like Joachim is always sure of an audience. It will be a blunder as well as a crime if the persons who are in a position to influence Mr. Elman fail to realise that by converting him into anything but the highest kind of artist they would be killing the goose with the golden eggs. And then, as to Mr. Elman's own infinite variety, though I for one thought a hundred and thirty miles of Sunday travelling but a small price to pay for hearing him play a Saint-Saëns concerto, one could not help reflecting after that enchanting performance last Sunday that, if he should ever come to believe that his destiny lay chiefly on the French side of the Rhine, he might, after all, disappoint the great hopes that have been formed for his future. The conclusion that I fain would urge upon readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW is that we ought to combine for the salvation of living genius with even more enthusiasm than for the preservation of ancient works of art. The greater part of the responsibility must rest with Mr. Elman's relatives, friends and agents ; but something can be accomplished by the efforts of a wider circle. The authorities of the big London orchestras, for instance, can continue to invite Mr. Elman to perform the greater violin concertos ; the critics, again, can insist that his business is with the noblest compositions ; and, lastly, the public can at least express its opinion by going most readily to hear him when he plays the works most worthy of his powers. Mr. Elman himself, if one may judge only by his visible manners, is a young man of singular modesty and self-restraint, who will survive even the violent methods of approval which doubtless he must endure when he goes to America. Vanity and nothing else can be fatal to him. Let him but keep clear of this infirmity, and he can hardly fail to win those lasting honours which belong to such as are supreme in their art.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
AMATEUR.

REVIEWS.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

"A Digest of International Law." By John Bassett Moore. Washington: At the Government Printing Office. 1906. £7 s.

INTERNATIONAL law owes a good deal to American writers. Wheaton, whose brevity is never obscure; Kent, certified by *Historicus* to be "never wrong"; Marshall, Story, Jefferson, Clay, are a few of the great names. But are there any moderns to be put in the bead-roll? We do not know of any, unless it be that of David Dudley Field. Halleck was prosaic, Dana a glossator, Woolsey and Snow elementary. The Bench, when called upon to administer Prize Law in the middle of the nineteenth century, did not exactly cover itself with glory. The diplomacy of Seward and Grover Cleveland was not the diplomacy of Hamilton and Jefferson. Able advocates, the modern Americans fail to invest their State Papers with the judicial quality. A despatch of Madison or Clay reads like an arbitral decision. If you do not agree with it, you feel tempted to deliver a dissenting judgment. But their successors' acute dialectics are subject to discount. They are too obviously prompted by the necessities of the moment. Subtle and acute pleadings as they are, skilfully as they claim the benefit of distinctions where to distinguish seems impossible, they remain advocacy and not doctrine. In a community so permeated by the spirit of law as is the American Union, the law of nations, like every other kind of law, has its circle of able expositors. But one misses the clarified elegance which is the mark of supreme command.

In truth, the intensification of national consciousness which occurs when a people asserts its unity as a state appears always to have a stimulating influence upon its appreciation of the law of nations—a stimulus instantaneous and unique. Not twice in its history will the nation experience the like passion and comprehension. It was at the birth of the Dutch Republic that Grotius wrote his "De Jure Belli ac Pacis". It was as the judge-advocate of the newly welded armies of Castile and Leon that Ayala studied the laws of war. Puffendorf followed on Lützen; Klüber and Heftner on Leipsic. Swiss independence gave us Vattel, and Italian unity Fiore.

And if England has produced few writers who can be ranked with these, may it not partly be that her status has never been acquired under the *egis* of international law? Scotland won her Bannockburn far too early to feel the impulse to such study: and she never had an international lawyer until the revival of her national pride by Sir Walter Scott made it possible to look for a Lorimer. Who ever heard of an Indian international lawyer? Yet the Indian genius for law is exquisite and comprehensive. Indians have no concern with the affairs of nations. One might as well expect Brahmins to be authorities on the law of urban district councils.

In the early years of the independence of the United States was sown the seed which blossomed at the beginning of the nineteenth century. An acute observer might even then have detected the germ of the blight which was destined to mar its growth. It was the tendency to approach international law in the spirit of the ordinary lawyer. Few would now deny that international law is truly law. "What can be done without some law or other at any time?" Carlyle pithily says. This ought to be a great gain; but if the only result of the recognition of the law of nations as genuine law is to assimilate it to municipal law, and to introduce into diplomacy the smartness and sophistry of the municipal lawyer, it would be infinitely better to put up with the imputation that international law is only a system of ethics. It was remarked at the Alabama arbitration that the British counsel appeared to be aiming at demonstrating the truth of their case, whilst the opposing advocates' object was to produce the maximum effect on the arbitrators. The essence of the matter is there. The scientific jurist, demonstrating principles, is at a discount in America in competition with the alert advocate whose business is to win cases. This is an aspect of arbitration which may incidentally be commended to the insistent

advocates of that device. Arbitration between States ought never to be conducted so as to give scope to the arts of the pleader. But the attitude observed at Geneva is characteristic of modern American diplomacy. An advocate is accustomed to argue in support of any case, however inconsistent with his previous contentions. Nothing is more notable in the diplomacy of the United States than the innocent air with which their statesmen will assert their action to be correct to-day, when it is precisely the same as that against which they were violently protesting yesterday. Professor Moore's volumes supply us with frequent illustrations of this. The States spent half a century in inculcating the doctrine that individual official warning of blockades must be given to vessels; and as soon as it suited them to do so they dropped the doctrine like a viper. Mr. Raguet's long harangues to the Brazilian Government on the impropriety of seizing United States vessels without separate warning—Mr. Monroe's emphatic assertions of the same principle—went for less than nothing in the eyes of President Lincoln, when with an inadequate fleet he decided to blockade the Southern Confederacy. The States claimed liberty to send vessels laden with contraband to enemy ports, during the Napoleonic wars, on the easy condition of breaking the journey at a neutral port for inquiry. In 1862 they seized ships bound for a neutral port on suspicions of intent to go further. In 1842 they passionately refused to admit that any cause could justify the visit by a foreign cruiser of a United States ship—not even the interest of humanity and the necessities of the suppression of the slave trade. In 1863 they justified the stoppage of the *Trent*, and in 1907 the landing of armed marines in Jamaica. They extorted tribute from the Sultan for violence done to their subjects; and they refused it to Italy for violence done to hers, on the ground of constitutional weakness—which surely is a plea that would lie uncommonly well in the mouth of Abdul Hamed. The United States professed themselves unable, in spite of the Spanish Minister's urgent remonstrances, to interfere with the filibusters: and they claimed fifteen millions from this country for the escape of the "Alabama", at the same moment that they were selling guns to France for use against the Prussians. They held intimate communications with Hungarian agents in 1849, and bitterly resented the visits of Southern agents to European courts in 1862. They exacted an apology for a trivial invasion of their soil when Canada was suppressing a Fenian raid: but they turned the Spaniards out of Amelia Island, and Colombia out of Panama. This may all be good tactics and good business, though we doubt it; but it shows a doctrinal opportunism entirely characteristic of the common lawyer, and entirely destructive of settled law between the nations.

Professor Moore's book affords by its plan an illustration of this American tendency to treat international law on the lines of commonplace municipal law—a tendency which was directly responsible for the unfortunate "continuous voyage" decisions of 1865. (The contents-table calls such voyages "contiguous".) The municipal lawyer is accustomed to rely on a "digest" of isolated decisions which may serve as weapons against his adversary. Professor Moore supplies a "digest" to meet the assumed parallel necessities of the diplomatist.

"Wharton's Digest" has long been well known as a répertoire of authorities, mainly American, on the law of nations. It was drawn up in the form of successive paragraphs taken bodily from the writings of statesmen and jurists, with connective explanations by the author. The result—patchwork it will be termed by those who do not appreciate this method, and mosaic by those who do—was three bulky volumes. In his work Professor Moore has expanded them into eight. They contain an immense amount of miscellaneous information, including a quantity of extracts from unpublished despatches in the archives of the State Department at Washington. But the old Chief Justice was right—"Certain it is, that tumultuary reading of abridgments doth cause a confused judgment". What advantage, for example, is it to be informed that "the burden of proof in prize cases rests on the captors",

and that "the onus probandi of a neutral interest rests on the claimant"?

If the Romans had not been such great lawyers, and had not accidentally left all their legal works mutilated into the form of a digest, few books would now be produced in digest form. And by far the best feature of these volumes is their admirable analysis of the subject-matter with which they deal.

THE BOURBON MANNERS.

"Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne (1781-1814)." Edited from the Original MS. by Charles Nicoulard. London: Heinemann. 1907. 10s.

MADAME DE BOIGNE was the daughter of the Marquis d'Osmond: her mother was a Dillon, one of the well-known Franco-Irish family. Mademoiselle d'Osmond was brought up at the Court of Louis XVI., and was the plaything of the princesses, to one of whom her mother was in waiting. The D'Osmonds escaped the guillotine, and came to live in London with other royal and aristocratic émigrés. The family lived in Pelham Crescent on barely £500 a year, which induced Mademoiselle to accept the hand of General Boigne, a vulgar, ill-tempered French officer, of no birth and twice her age, who had amassed a huge fortune in India by fighting for some Rajah. He was subsequently made a Comte, and purchased an estate in Savoy. Madame de Boigne bore with philosophy the insults and vagaries of her husband, who was always separating from her and then returning. What makes these memoirs so interesting is that Madame de Boigne describes, with pitiless fidelity, the intimate life of three successive régimes, that of Louis XVI., that of Buonaparte, and that of Louis XVIII. We cannot say that the manners of the Bourbons, with all their centuries of breeding behind them, were a bit more dignified or refined than those of Buonaparte, as the following passages will show. The first is a description of the "coucher" of Louis XVI.

The King's coat, waistcoat, and shirt were taken off; he stood there naked to his waist, scratching and rubbing himself as if he had been alone, in the presence of the whole court and often of many strangers of distinction.

The first valet handed the night-shirt to the most highly qualified person, to one of the princes of the blood if any were present; this was a right and not a favour. When the person was one with whom he was on familiar terms, the King would often play tricks while putting it on, stepping on one side to make the holder run after him, accompanying these charming jokes with loud guffaws, which greatly vexed those who were sincerely attached to him. When his shirt was on he put on his dressing-gown, while three valets unfastened his waist-belt and knee-breeches, which fell down to his ankles, and in that garb, scarcely able to walk with these ridiculous fitters, he would shuffle round the circle of those in waiting.

When the King had had enough of it, he shuffled backward to an arm-chair which was pushed into the middle of the room, and dropped into it, lifting up his legs; two pages on their knees immediately seized his legs, pulled off the King's shoes, and let them drop with a crash, which was a point of etiquette. As soon as he heard the noise, the usher opened the door, saying, "Gentlemen will please pass out." Those present went away, and the ceremony was finished. However, the person who was holding the candlestick was allowed to stay if he had anything special to say to the King, and hence the value that was attached to this strange favour.

Was the Corsican upstart really coarser or more undignified at one of his receptions at the Tuilleries?

After watching the performance of a kind of ballet, the Emperor came down alone and went round the room, speaking exclusively to the ladies. He wore his imperial dress (which he almost immediately afterwards abandoned): the waistcoat and white satin knee-breeches, the white shoes with gold rosettes, a coat of red velvet cut straight in the style of Francis I., with gold embroidery upon all the seams, the sword sparkling with diamonds above the coat, orders and stars also of diamonds, and a cap with the feathers held up by a diamond buckle. The costume was well designed, but was utterly unsuited for him on account of his small size, his corpulence, and clumsiness of movement. Perhaps it was prejudice on my part, but the Emperor seemed to me frightful, and looked like a mock king. I was standing between two women unknown to me. He asked the first her name, and she replied that she was the daughter of Foacier.

"Ah!" he said, and passed on.

According to his custom, he also asked my name, which I told him.

"You live at Beauregard?"

"Yes, Sire."

"It is a beautiful spot, and your husband employs much labour there. I am grateful to him for the service he does to the country, as I am to all who employ workmen. He has been in the English army?"

I thought it shorter to answer "Yes," but he continued:

"That is to say, not entirely. He is a Savoyard, is he not?"

"Yes, Sire."

"But you are French, entirely French, and we therefore claim you, for you are not one of those rights easily surrendered."

I bowed.

"How old are you?"

I told him.

"And frank into the bargain. You look much younger."

I bowed again. He stepped back half a pace, and then came up to me, speaking lower in a confidential tone:

"You have no children? I know that is not your fault, but you should make better arrangements. Believe me, I am giving you good advice."

I remained stupefied; he looked at me for a moment with a gracious smile, and went on to my neighbour.

"Your name?"

"A daughter of Foacier."

"Another daughter of Foacier!" and he continued his promenade.

There is a rough humanity, a good nature about this, which is more pleasing than the cool heartlessness of the Bourbon princes. It is wonderful what the British nation did for them, lodging them sumptuously in palaces, and giving them princely allowances. Nothing was so remarkable in the character of Louis XVIII. as his calm and insolent ingratitude towards those who restored him to his throne. The Emperor of Russia, after the allies had entered Paris, went to pay Louis a visit at Compiègne. He was received with the coldest formality.

The Emperor finding neither informality nor cordiality, instead of remaining to talk familiarly, as he had intended to, asked, after a few minutes, to retire to his apartments. He was conducted through three or four magnificently furnished suites on the same floor of the château. He was told that these were destined for Monsieur, the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Duc de Berry, all of whom were absent. Then, after a portentous journey through corridors and up hidden staircases, he arrived at a small door which led into a very modest suite of rooms. It was that of the governor of the château, and was quite outside the grand apartments. This was the suite destined for him.

Pozzo, who accompanied his imperial master, was suffering tortures, for at every turn in the corridors he saw that the Emperor's very reasonable annoyance was increasing. The latter, however, made no observation about the matter; he merely said very briefly:

"I shall return to Paris this evening. Let my carriages be ready after dinner."

Pozzo managed to bring the conversation round to this extraordinary lodging, and to attribute it to the helplessness of the King.

The Emperor answered that the Duchess d'Angoulême was sufficiently like a housekeeper to have been able to attend to it. This little spicce of malice, of which Pozzo made the most, relieved his mind, and he returned to the drawing-room rather less vexed. But the dinner did not repair the harm done by the lodging.

When the King was told that dinner was served, he asked the Emperor to take his niece in, and then passed before him with the slow waddle to which the gout had reduced him. On arriving in the dining-room only one armchair was placed at the table, and this was for the King. He was served first, all the honours were rendered to him with affection, and he only distinguished the Emperor by treating him with a kind of familiarity and paternal kindness. The Emperor Alexander said himself afterwards that the King adopted the attitude with which Louis XIV. would have received Philip V. at Versailles had he been expelled from Spain.

Almost as soon as dinner was over the Emperor went to his carriage. He was then alone with Pozzo. For a long time he remained perfectly silent, after which he spoke of other things, and then finally with bitterness about this strange reception. There had been no question whatever of business, and not a word of thanks or of confidence had been uttered either by the King or by Madame. He had not even heard one pleasant sentence. From that time, therefore, the friendly intercourse for which he had been prepared was impossible.

For tactlessness and downright ill-breeding it would be difficult to beat the above. Who can wonder that the elder Bourbons lost their throne a second time: it is rather strange that they kept it for fifteen years in the nineteenth century.

THE FAR EAST IN SOLUTION.

"The Truce in the Far East and its Aftermath." By B. L. Putnam Weale. London: Macmillan. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

A TITLE which seems to imply that the stupendous war lately fought out in Manchuria has issued in nothing more definite than a truce may at first appear somewhat sensational. But the reader will, even if he hesitates to accept the inference, admit, as he turns the last page, that the author's analysis of the situation reveals grave potentialities. Notoriously opinion is divided, in Russia, between the military and official

party who are bent on recovering prestige and the civilian who thinks that too much blood and treasure have been spent already on a policy of adventure. What Japan thinks no one may know, though he may draw inferences from her procedure. The plain man who finds doctors disagreeing so widely as Mr. Taburno who has lately declared, at a lecture in S. Petersburg, that Northern Manchuria can be of no use to Russia either politically or commercially, and Mr. Putnam Weare who affirms that the richest granaries of Asia are in the Sungari plains, may hold his breath. It would be to mistake the author's conception, however, to dwell too much on individual points. He describes the situation not only as between Russia and Japan, but as between the whole Far East and the rest of the world, and indicates rather than affirms how easily fresh complications may arise. "That all the contentions and arguments advanced in his pages are necessarily correct it would (he admits in his preface) be arrogant to claim." He would be a bold man indeed who would make such a claim about any book, essay or article relating to the Far East. What may be said is that the subject gains in fascination the more closely it is examined, and that it is here dealt with by a competent observer who has studied it through travel and research, and who possesses the faculty of exhibiting his conclusions in a bright and readable form.

The book is divided into three parts—the first dealing with Japan, with the considerations that have influenced and are influencing her, and with the potentialities of the situation so far as she is concerned; the second with China, with the official and popular attitude towards foreign residence and enterprise, and the incalculable forces at work among her vast population; and, lastly, with the attitude and potential influence of the foreign Powers having chief interests in the Far East. The plan involves a certain amount of repetition, as an endeavour is made to state each case comprehensively; but it has the advantage of posing the chief data distinctly and so enabling the reader to estimate distinctly the chief factors in the problem. There is not, perhaps, very much that is novel in the presentment; but the student of Far Eastern politics will appreciate the clear grouping of topics, and the ordinary reader will find himself in a position to estimate more clearly the play of forces that have—for good or evil—been set in motion. We all admire, for instance, the transformation of Japan, without realising (most of us) the nature of the machinery—the still autocratic power, the systematic methods amounting almost to mechanism, the State grasp verging on monopolism of the national resources—by which results that seem almost marvellous have been so rapidly attained. The historical hatred of the Korean for the Japanese is an axiom of Far Eastern politics. We were more or less prepared, therefore, for the antagonism—the pitiful, because hopeless, antagonism—intrigue above and stolid opposition below—which Japan has encountered in her attempts to introduce some sort of order into and, it must be said, to impose her authority on a hopelessly misgoverned country. Still, the story as told—or rather, perhaps, as indicated—in these pages is not a pleasant one, and tends to exhibit a less lovely side of the Japanese character. Race-hatred is a serious obstacle to assimilation, and it is complicated in this case by wide divergencies of temperament and tradition. Still, when we note the progress Japan has made in imposing orderly government and finance in Formosa, and recall the chaos out of which we had ourselves to evolve order in Burmah, we are led to hope that the Marquis Ito will be able shortly to impose respect for law, order and justice on his own countrymen in Korea as well as on a people whose history has been a prolonged tragedy and whose future is a problem still.

We pass over the pictures of heroism and hardship involved in the mountain fighting that attended Kamamura's advance from the Yalu towards Mukden, over the graphic picture of rail power exhibited in the supply of two immense armies in Manchuria, and over the reasons, which are tolerably well understood—though the quickly recuperated strength of the Russian force under Linevitch is perhaps

not so generally realised—that led Japan to make peace; and pass on to the great unknown quantity upon which the course of events at the end of the current Anglo-Japanese alliance so largely depends. The change of perspective is immense. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that in crossing from Japan to China we are brought into contact not only with a different stage of development but with a different spirit of administration. The Government of Japan represents perhaps the highest expression of system and concentrated power, while the Chinaman is easy-going to the point of slovenliness and China itself is governed by equipoise. The observer must change his mental standpoint, and calculate from different premisses. It is practically certain that, if the Government of the Mikado decide to issue an order, it will be obeyed, automatically, precisely, and produce a given result. It depends on various considerations whether an edict emanating from Peking will produce any result at all. A great many are only intended for window-dressing; and it may safely be assumed that, if they are meant to be effective, matters have been arranged privately beforehand with the province concerned. We saw an expression of regret, the other day, in a telegram from the Peking correspondent of the "Times", that Chang Chi-tung was slack in putting the recent anti-opium edict in force. The reason is probably quite well known, at Peking, to be that he cannot dispense with the revenue; just as it is well-known that he maintains his quota of the new army largely out of the profits incidental to the enormous output of 10-cash pieces from his mints. When the question is asked, therefore, whether China will progress in the sense of evolving modern methods of administration, taxation, communications, currency and finance, as well as a costly modern military organisation which she may, otherwise, hardly endure—the character and traditions of the people, the resistance or acquiescence to be expected from localities and vested interests, the reflex action upon the interests of the dynasty and a score of major and minor points have to be taken into consideration. The question has an academic interest, but it has much more. For on the question whether China will emerge from her present stress "a strong and sane China" (as the author aptly phrases it) or will dissipate her strength in intrigue, rebellion and futile resistance to forces which wisdom would counsel her to conciliate—on the answer to this question largely depend future issues in the Far East.

We hear a great deal about the awakening of China; and there has no doubt been a great stirring of dry bones, an awakening of national interest, a change of mental attitude since the shock of the Boxer upheaval and its corollaries. But there is no indication of the changed conception of policy which is necessary if the converging streams of foreign and Chinese intercourse are to be guided smoothly into a single channel. There is the same attitude, still, of antagonism to foreign enterprise whether represented by railways, or mining, or municipal administration. They will have the railways but not the foreigner; they will open the mines, but will do it themselves, failing to realise that they lack capital for either. Nor is the hostility confined to elders who might be supposed to retain the prejudices of aforesight. It is exhibited perhaps more keenly by the students who have gained a smattering of Western knowledge and who lead the cry that China farà da se. Will or will not this attitude be modified during the nine years that the Anglo-Japanese alliance has yet to run?

We have left ourselves little space to deal with the concluding section, in which the motives, interests and projects of the Western Powers are capably analysed—projects once vividly entertained and latent still, probably, rather than abandoned, ready to emerge again if the conditions change; motives expressing national idiosyncrasies, such as the theoretical altruism of America and the desire for imperial expansion (as distinct from the commercial requirements, or non-requirements) of Germany. If we find plenty of contentious matter we find plenty also that "donneurieusement à penser". If many familiar with the East share the author's dislike to the mention of India in the second Anglo-Japanese treaty and all that

it implies, others will dissent as strongly from his "absolute certainty" that the Mackay treaty can be enforced—without, at any rate, antecedent changes in Chinese administrative methods of which there is no sign. Currency, fiscal, judicial and other changes cannot be superimposed on existing methods: they imply much deep-seated reform. The assumption that France is content derives confirmation from her adhesion to the Anglo-Japanese entente; but the very conclusion of the entente is in itself a confirmation of the author's prefatory admission that his pages are the "unfinished results of an unending life study". The Far East is in fact in solution, and the conditions are changing from year to year.

NOTES ON RUSSIA.

"A Year in Russia." By Maurice Baring. London: Methuen. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

IN spite of the information on Russia poured in upon us by special correspondents and others during the last ten years, Russia remains to this day almost as little understood and appreciated by the average Englishman as it was a century ago. Yet, according to the evidence of unprejudiced, intelligent travellers who have lived in and made a study of the Tsar's dominions, Russia from many points of view appears to be the most interesting country. The chief reasons for this prevailing ignorance of a country so easy of access are not far to seek. In the first place Russia is a mosaic of many and varying races and nationalities encircling a solid and disproportionately large population of peasants which is the backbone of the country. To gauge correctly a nation's character and prove or disprove its good qualities one must move in all classes of society, and especially study the predominant class, which in Russia is the peasantry. In no other country do the peasant cultivators form such a great proportion of the population. This predominant class of 75 per cent. of the population is psychologically the most perplexing, the most equivocal and the hardest for a foreigner to understand and appreciate. Secondly, the public is indifferent to serious reading; the hurry-skurry of life to-day prevents it. The curriculum of our secondary schools does not tend to cultivate in our rising generation an appreciable interest in and a desire for knowledge of even our own empire. The public to-day is satisfied to draw its information on foreign matters from the daily press telegraphic news. Sensational writers of fiction on Russia of the Carl Joubert class and sensational purveyors of facts find a more profitable market for their wares than the very few well-informed writers mentioned in Mr. Baring's book. But the chief bar which seems to block our knowledge and search for information about Russia is the language. So few people care to undergo the "torture of study" of the Russian, and yet, though difficult, it is the most euphonious, the most rhythmic, the most expressive of all European languages. Translated works on Russia are often misleading in the study of the life and manners of the people. There is a peculiar inherent characteristic in the nature of the Russian which can only be understood by personal interviews with the people; by a study of their history and by reading Russian authors in the original.

Mr. Baring, who has lived a year in Russia and who is at home with the Russian and with his language, tells us in his introductory chapters that it is possible to convey information about Russia if you are ignorant of the Russian language, and such information may prove to be not only useful but of surprising interest to people who are totally ignorant of the country. But unless you are acquainted with the Russian language it is impossible to get an intimate knowledge of the Russian people. For these reasons it is also impossible for an outsider to understand many things which have happened and are now happening every day in Russia. Without this intimate knowledge of the Russians, we are apt to drift into the popular error of judging Russia in her present evolution according to our Western ideas and standard of comparison. Thus estimating the working capacity of

the Douma we start on the assumption that all the twelve political parties in the Douma are the true representatives of the people; that its members are experienced politicians and men of business and that they are capable of understanding State matters as well as the Tsar's Cabinet Ministers who are specially educated and trained for their official posts. The Russian is no politician; he has little or no capacity for self-government. The very precepts of his home-life, even his religion were originally dictated to him by his ruler-prince. In an amusing letter to the "Morning Post" the other day Mr. Baring described a casual interview with a Russian friend, a literary man, at which his interlocutor expressed his opinion about the political views of his own countrymen in the following paragraph: "No Russian knows anything about politics or really cares about politics; we are an artistic (I mean artistic, not aesthetic) nation. We have been forced to take notice of politics because our Government went just beyond the limit of incapacity and general idiocy that a nation can stand; but that does not make our political ideas any the more interesting." The Russian by nature is intuitive but does not initiate. From the period of his country's birth the Russian has been accustomed to rely on his paternal Government for the material progress of his country. Peter the Great's constructive and enterprising genius has never yet been approached by any private undertaking in Russia. A bureaucracy has had to do many things that in most other countries are done by private enterprise.

Mr. Baring's book is not intended as a thought-out description of Russia, but is merely, as the author states, a reflection of the fleeting ideas, the passing moods of the moment—a few "sidelights", given with the intention of arousing the reader's interest in the subject and creating a longing for further information. It is only a republication of letters contributed to the "Morning Post" from the beginning of the war to last August in the form of a diary. The style is easy and amusing, with an undercurrent of humorous good-natured chaff and railly sown broadcast here and there, which makes the book pleasant and instructive reading.

NOVELS.

"Roger Dinwiddie—Soul Doctor." By A. M. Irvine. London: Werner Laurie. 1907. 6s.

The author is evidently under the impression that the idea of a soul-doctor is a novel one. It is not. It is as old as the confessional. In the Church of Rome the whole thing has been perfectly systematised, and in books for the use of confessors may be found scientific methods of diagnosing the various diseases of the soul and treating them. Roger Dinwiddie is a crank who has set up in practice on his own account with the idea of dealing with the soul upon a purely scientific basis. He is a quite delightful, impossible and purely feminine creation. There is nothing scientific about the vague generalities and bland advice he offers to his patients. If we can accept the fact of his existence it is easy to take for granted the remainder of this slight and pleasantly told tale. It revolves round a woman journalist who, to save her family from starvation, writes articles ridiculing Dr. Dinwiddie and his system. Of course the soul-doctor is hopelessly in love with this unpleasant person, and equally of course everything turns out well in the end. The author, who is surely a lady, appears to have some acquaintance with the seamy and sordid side of things, but otherwise her book is singularly remote from real life and happenings.

"The Crimson Azaleas." By H. De Vere Stacpoole. London: Fisher Unwin. 1907. 6s.

This is a pleasant book of a somewhat conventional type. The scene is laid in Japan, and the Japanese local colour is rather overdone. While on a trip to Nikko a Scotsman named Leslie discovers a little girl—Campanula—in a bed of crimson azaleas. He takes her to his house at Nagasaki, and Campanula grows up into a beautiful young woman, madly in

love with her preserver. The tragedy comes when Leslie meets an old love in the person of the wife of George du Telle, who is taking her a trip round the world. Du Telle is a wastrel, and Leslie's compassion is aroused. He proposes to run away with her, and is on the point of doing so when Madame du Telle changes her mind. Leslie returns home hoping to find consolation in Campanula. He discovers however that in his absence Campanula has divined the cause of his absence, and in a frenzy of jealousy has killed herself. Although the tragic note is thus sounded the prevailing tone of the book is anything but gloomy. The pictures of Japan, though conventional, are very dainty and pretty.

"*The Daft Days.*" By Neil Munro. London: Blackwood. 1907. 6s.

Mr. Munro shows some daring in emerging from the Celtic fringe and invading the territory of the Kailyard. He is certainly more successful with the daily life of a little Scottish town than, we imagine, certain popular novelists of the Lowlands could hope to be if they directed their talents towards the Outer Isles or the clan feuds of seventeenth-century Argyll. At the same time, this is hardly the kind of work for his pen, though it will probably attract a new and wider public. Lennox Dyce, otherwise Bud, comes as an orphan from America to her father's people in Scotland. The old bachelor uncle, a kindly lawyer, and his two maiden sisters, find that a delightful but disturbing element has stirred their placid existence. Bud inherits from her mother, an American actress, qualities quite unknown to her new home. She is a fascinating child, and though the book is spun out unnecessarily, and Mr. Munro's humour is at times strained, her dealings with her neighbours make a very pleasant story.

"*For the Week-End.*" By Handasyde. London: Lane. 1907. 6s.

This is a story of the mawkish sensuous-sentimental variety, concerned with a married woman's half-hearted flirtations with a conventional hero during three week-end visits. The writer seems to be a rather inefficient disciple of Mr. E. F. Benson. She (or he) deals only with a section of the Smart Set, and—perhaps unintentionally—introduces as dull a collection of ill-mannered imbeciles as have ever met within the covers of a book. One or two persons have a faint individuality, and occasionally a remark is mildly amusing. But the picture of social inanity is appalling. As the lovers are given no time to break any of the Commandments, even had they backbone enough to do so, there does not seem to be much point about the novel.

(For "New Books and Reprints" see page 788.)

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NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"*The Wagner Stories.*" Told by Filson Young. London: Grant Richards. 1907. 5s. net.

Mr. Filson Young has retold the stories of Wagner's music-dramas very pleasantly for the benefit of those idle people who go to the opera without having taken the trouble to read the poem on which the music is founded. They are the larger proportion of audiences, and this handy guide to knowledge ought to help them. They will get not only a very good idea of the stories themselves, but a fairly definite idea, in Mr. Eric MacLagan's metrical translations of detached passages, of that curious amalgam which Wagner constructed out of partly poetical and partly musical elements. It is certainly not poetry, but it is certain that poetry would not have been the necessary half of the constituents of the music-drama. Words, as in Isolde's song of love and death, become almost inarticulate with ecstasy, and have thus lost everything positive in them that might drag down the wings of the music. They are seen in these clever renderings much as they are in the German, with their crabbed brevity, their assonant outcries. And from them may be seen of how little importance the verse is, taken as verse, which, in its share of the musical structure, has so great an importance. The writing of Mr. Young's book is done with fluency, and is best when it tries least to "be inspired with some breath of the emotional atmosphere which it is the peculiar quality of Wagner's music to produce". There is a "chronology" at the end which adds to the convenience of the book as a handbook.

"*Poets' Country.*" Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Francis S. Walker. London: Jack. 1907. 21s. net.

A very objectionable habit some bookmakers now cultivate is that of taking the reader by storm. The idea is to trot and stop the public as it runs; to bring it down by a regular musketry of noise and glitter. "Magnificent" illustration, beautiful art paper, absorbing letterpress and so on are shot by means of display advertisements into the crowd, and there is no doubt that here and there a poor fellow is hit hard, and buys a copy. We do not say that "*Poets' Country*" is one of these storming books, but it does remind one of them a good deal. It is so "handsomely got up", it has such a lot of "literary" names on its imposing title-page, and its pictures are highly coloured to a point surely beyond which high colour cannot go. It is sure to stop a good many book-buyers, who want to know about the poets. It is chock-block full of telling quotations, and it really has plenty of pleasant and informed matter.

"*The Royal Tour in India.*" By Stanley Reed. Bombay: "Times of India" Office. 1907. 15s.

Mr. Stanley Reed was with the Prince and Princess of Wales throughout their Indian tour, and records its outstanding features with a ready and picturesque pen. Sir Walter Lawrence in a preface explains that no such record of King Edward's Indian tour was at hand for the guidance of the Prince, and the book, which is well illustrated, will serve the purpose of easy reference to the events of their Royal Highnesses' 1905-6 visit. The India of the 'seventies in many important respects was not the India of the present. It has probably undergone more change in the interval, thanks to railways and education, than will mark the next thirty years. So far as was possible, the Prince and Princess got into touch with the realities of Indian life—the life that lay behind "the banners and the bunting, the salutes and the guards of honour". Such incidents as the secret drive by moonlight to view "Shah Jehan's dream in marble", the quiet walks almost unattended through native villages and streets, belong, says Mr. Reed, to the unwritten history of the royal progress.

"*The Royal Navy List and Navy Recorder.*" London: Witherby. April, 1907. 10s.

The section of the Royal Navy List devoted to the war and meritorious services of officers has grown considerably and occupies a large share of space in the present volume. It is natural that the assistance given by officers in forwarding their records of service should stimulate the editors to make this part of the book as perfect as possible, but we should be sorry to think the advertisement of merit leaves no room for the Naval Bibliography. The Bibliography is very useful to students and deserves to be included in every issue, but, though mention is made of it on the title-page, it is missing from the contents of this number. In the current History of the Royal Navy attention is directed to the omissions in the Report of the Naval Manoeuvres of 1906, and notice is taken of some of the Admiralty Remarks which preface the detailed official accounts of the proceedings. Reference to the chapter of accidents brings into prominence the fact that owing to misfortune all the ships belonging properly to the Devonport Battle Division of the Home Fleet have been employed to fill up casualties; it is surprising that this circumstance should have aroused so little public interest.

"*London City Churches*" (Constable. 3s. 6d. net) is a second edition of a useful little work by Mr. A. E. Daniell. It belongs to the severe fact order of books, and the bones are a little bare in places, but it serves well enough as a guide or handbook. "*Literary Celebrities of the English Lake District*", by Frederick Sessions (Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d.) has been brought out in a cheaper form. Southey, Ruskin, S. T. Coleridge, De Quincey, Lloyd, James Spedding and Hartley Coleridge are the chief figures. Hartley, with great talents if no creative power, must have done well in life but for his fatally weak will. It prevented him from being made a Fellow of his college, and in the end made of him a hopeless drinker. We note second editions of Sir Alfred Lyall's "*Asiatic Studies*", Series 1 and 2 (Murray. 5s. net each); J. J. Raven's "*History of Suffolk*" (Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d. net), a volume in the "Popular County Histories"; and W. S. Lilly's "*First Principles in Politics*" (Murray. 5s net). The last-named appears at a not inappropriate moment. "Oh for a statesman", sighed Coleridge, "a single one who understands the living might inherent in a principle".

The more noteworthy reprints of English classics that have appeared lately are Lane's "*Arabian Nights*", edited by S. Lane Poole, in four neat volumes, and "*The Early Diary of Fanny Burney*", 1768-78, edited by A. R. Ellis (Bell).—Ruskin's "*Praterita*", 3 vols. (George Allen. 3s. 6d. a vol.) in the "Pocket Edition". This book has not the popularity of several others of Ruskin's books, yet, well known, we are inclined to think it might be almost as widely read as any. The account Ruskin gives of his career at Christ Church is undoubtedly one of the most delightful bits of autobiography in English.—"*The Poetry of Burns*", edited by Henley and Thomas F. Henderson, in 4 vols. (Jack), with many notes and excellent photogravure frontispieces.

"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" 15 Juin. 3 fr.

M. Tardieu has a very sensible article on the Hague Conference, wherein he tries to point exactly how far it can be useful in international politics. Clearly it can be very dangerous. He sums up by saying that the Conference will seek to strengthen justice but it will have no power to substitute ideal justice for force. After the Conference as before it is in their armed forces that nations will find the safeguard of the ideal whose "roots stretch down into the past and whose summit shoots up into the future and is called la patrie". M. Tardieu thinks that after all the pourparlers that have been exchanged beforehand there is little cause to fear a serious conflict at the Hague. The instructive series of articles on the administration of Madagascar continues. It is in her colonies that the best governing capacity of France is at work.

For this Week's Books see page 790.

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INVESTOR'S HANDBOOK.—The Central Stock Exchange, Ltd. (Established 1893), 66 Cannon Street, London, E.C., now offer this, which contains particulars of Highest and Lowest Prices, Dividends, &c., for a considerable period, post free to any applicant naming this paper.

ANGLO-MEXICAN OILFIELDS, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

CAPITAL - £250,000,

DIVIDED INTO £250,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH,

Of which 106,800 Shares will be set apart to provide for Working Capital and the general purposes of the Company.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN SIMEON BERGHEIM, Chairman, Belsize Court, Belsize Park, London, N.W., Chairman of the Nigeria Bitumen Corporation, Limited.

LUIS LEON DE LA BARRA, Prolongacion del Ayuntamiento 1002, Mexico City, Civil Engineer.

GEORGE WILLIAM HOGHTON, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C., Director of the Inter-oceanic Railway of Mexico (Aculpaco to Vera Cruz), Limited.

MAITLAND FITZROY KINDERSLEY, 730 Salisbury House, London Wall, London, E.C., Director of Burma Mines Railway and Smelting Company, Limited.

ALBERT MITCHELL, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C., Director of Société Française de Pétrole, Limited.

BROKERS.

LEONARD CLOW & CO., 22 Austin Friars, London, E.C.

BANKERS.

MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

GILBERT SAMUEL & CO., 16 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

J. H. DUNCAN & CO., 39 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

REGINALD H. YOUNG, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

60,000 Shares, of which 45,000 have been underwritten, will be offered for Subscription at par on Monday next.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

Declaration of Dividend No. 8.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an INTERIM DIVIDEND of 60 per cent. (3s. per Share) has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 30th of June, 1907.

This Dividend will be payable to all Shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 29th of June, 1907, and to holders of COUPON NO. 8 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 1st to 7th of July, 1907, both days inclusive.

The Dividend will be payable to South African registered Shareholders from the Head Office, Johannesburg, and to European Shareholders from the London Office, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., on or about 12th of August, 1907.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend on presentation of COUPON NO. 8 at the London Office of the Company, or at the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taubout, Paris.

COUPONS must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination, and will be payable at any time on or after 12th of August, 1907.

COUPONS and DIVIDEND WARRANTS paid by the London Office to Shareholders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction of English Income Tax.

COUPONS and DIVIDEND WARRANTS paid by the London Office to Shareholders resident in France, and COUPONS paid by the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, Paris, will be subject to a deduction on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

By Order of the Board.

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.

18th June, 1907.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING CO., LTD.

Declaration of Dividend No. 30.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an INTERIM DIVIDEND of 60 per cent. (3s. per £5 share) has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 30th of June, 1907.

This Dividend will be payable to all Shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 29th of June, 1907, and to holders of COUPON NO. 25, attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 1st to 7th of July, 1907, both days inclusive.

The Dividend will be payable to South African registered Shareholders from the Head Office, Johannesburg, and to European Shareholders from the London Office, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., on or about the 6th of August, 1907.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend on presentation of COUPON NO. 25 at the London Office of the Company.

COUPONS must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination, and will be payable at any time on or after the 6th of August, 1907.

By Order of the Board,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.

18th June, 1907.

22 June, 1907

The Saturday Review.

The Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The Subscription List will open in London on MONDAY, the 24th JUNE, 1907, and will close for London on or before THURSDAY, 27th JUNE, and for the Provinces on or before MONDAY, 1st JULY. Lists will also be opened on TUESDAY, the 28th JUNE, and will close on MONDAY, the 1st JULY, at the following places:—

Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Auckland, and Wellington.

Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, St. John, N.B., St. John's, Newfoundland, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Halifax and Victoria.

Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong and Shanghai.

Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Kurrachee, Allahabad, Simla, Rangoon, Colombo, Zanzibar and Mombassa.

Cape Town, Durban, Pietermaritzburg, Johannesburg, and Pretoria.

United Kingdom, Gibraltar, Malta and Cairo.

THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA, LIMITED.

THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED.

London City & Midland Bank, Limited, London, E.C.

THE UNITED SERVICES CO-OPERATIVE HOTEL CO., LTD.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

CAPITAL

Divided into 225,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

ISSUE of 207,000 ORDINARY SHARES of £1 each at par.

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:—

10s. per Share on Application; 5s. per Share on Allotment; 5s. per Share on the 16th September, 1907, or abroad in the currency and at the rates of exchange stated in the form of application.

Directors.

SIR CHARLES PETER LAYARD, The Grey House, Langton, Tunbridge Wells, ex-Chief Justice of Ceylon. *Chairman.*

COLONEL ARTHUR ROBERT KENNEY-HERBERT, 8 Castlebar Road, Ealing, late Secretary to Government Military Department, Madras.

EDGAR GEORGE MONEY (of the firm of Boustead Bros., Merchants), 3 and 4 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

WILLIAM STEPHEN TUDOR SAUNDERS, 3 Morpeth Terrace, Victoria Street, S.W., Managing Director, Grand Oriental Hotel, Colombo.

JACQUES HOFFER, 1 Whitehall Court, London, S.W., Hotel Manager, formerly of the Hotel Cecil, London, late Manager of the Galle Face Hotel, Colombo.

Bankers.

IN LONDON: THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

ABROAD: As printed at head of this Prospectus.

Solicitor.

GEO. D. PERKS, Hamilton House, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

Broker.

JAMES DEBENHAM, 4, Cophall Buildings, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

Architect.

H. CHATFIELD CLARKE, F.R.I.B.A., 63 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

Consulting Mechanical and Electrical Engineers.

BUCKTON & JONES, 72 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Auditors.

MARTIN, FARLOW & CO., Incorporated Accountants, 4 King Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Secretary and Offices.

REGINALD E. EMSON, F.S.A.A., 26, Budge Row, Cannon St., London, E.C. This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the site at South Kensington, described in the Prospectus, erecting thereon a first-class Hotel, and working the same upon co-operative principles, giving, as regards a Hotel, privileges similar to those given to their Shareholders by the various Co-operative Stores.

It is intended, primarily, to cater for Members of Parliament, and of the Indian and Colonial Legislative Councils, Commissioned Officers of the Navy, Army and Auxiliary Forces, and members in the superior grades of the Civil Service on the Home, Indian and Colonial establishments, and for their families.

In allotting the Share Capital preference will be given to applicants belonging to the aforementioned classes, whilst reserving a fair proportion for Subscription by the general public. Every shareholder of ten fully-paid Ordinary Shares of £1 each will be entitled, as accommodation permits, to a bed-room, bath, full board and attendance, either at the special inclusive rate of 10s. 6d. per diem, or at 20 per cent. below the terms charged to non-Shareholders, at the option of the Directors. In the case of Shareholders with families, the holding of 15 Shares of £1 each will entitle them, and their children up to the age of 21, to the above special advantages and reductions. This special tariff will extend to inclusive terms for those Shareholders desiring to reside or make a prolonged stay at the Hotel, and Shareholders will be entitled to entertain their guests at meals at these rates.

It may be pointed out that the investment of a small sum in the shares of this Company will secure to Shareholders many of the advantages of a residential club without the recurring expense of an annual subscription.

The Directors fully recognise the great importance of securing capable management to ensure the success of the undertaking. They have, therefore, secured the services on the Board of Colonel Kenney-Herbert, who opened and controlled the restaurants at Wellington Court and St. James's Court, and who is well known under the *nom de plume* "Wyvern"; Mr. W. S. T. Saunders, Managing Director of the Grand Oriental Hotel, Colombo, Ceylon; also of Mr. Hoffer, formerly of the Hotel Cecil, Colombo.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Office of the Company, or from the Bankers in London or abroad, Solicitor or Broker.

COALITE AND ITS BY-PRODUCTS. THEIR REMARKABLE COMMERCIAL VALUE.

There is an old and honourable saying to the effect that most things end in smoke. But to-day even this dictum is outworn. It has played its part, and enjoyed a period of success outlasting many generations. But it is a dictum that cannot be used to-morrow, for to-morrow there will be no smoke. Smoke belongs to the old antiquated era of coal and dust and ashes, badly-cooked victuals, incessant damage to the home, and a filthy kitchen. The era of to-morrow is the era of Coalite. The word Coalite is composite. It stands for the simplest of imaginable things, which has all the inherent qualities of actual simplicity. That is to say, that Coalite, whilst being simple, is profound: being composite, is the equivalent of economy such as has never yet been known in the politics of the household: warmth such as was never given by coal; and also cleanliness and comfort. We advance quickly nowadays. Yesterday even coal was luxury; to-day Coalite is a necessity. It is a composite force designed for a composite age—an age in which the value of any stated article is not to be determined wholly by any single productive capacity such an article may contain, but rather by what one may call its "faculty" in by-products. Now, although Coalite is to-day burnt in many hundreds of British homes, few know the value and use of by-products which are obtained in the process of manufacturing Coalite from coal. In the manufacture of Coalite almost the whole of the valuable constituents of coal, which in the course of ordinary burning of coal go to make smoke and soot, are converted into by-products of great commercial value. First among these we will name Coaline—a British-made motor spirit, destined in the very near future to revolutionise the petrol trade. The one cloud that rests upon the British motor industry is—as every owner of a motor-car knows to his cost—the ever-increasing cost of the fuel upon which the motor industry ultimately depends. The sources of petrol are not so numerous as might be imagined. Not every oil-well yields the necessary product. Some petroleums do not contain the light hydrocarbons which alone are valuable for the motor engineer, and America has up till now been called upon to provide the bulk of the petrol required in this country. The oil industry of America is, unfortunately, subject to the greatest monopoly of modern times, and the prices of petrol are on that account not to be governed by the ordinary laws of supply and demand, but vary at the will of an irresponsible trust, which can and does "rig the market" to suit its own purposes. It is of the deepest interest, therefore, to know that an inexhaustible fountain of the finest quality of motor spirit is likely in the immediate future to be produced in this country. As the results of exhaustive experiments in the manufacture of Coalite made by Dr. S. Rideal, Professor Vivian Lewes, and Mr. T. Parker, M.I.M.E., M.I.C.E., it has been ascertained that, in treating 3,000,000 tons of coal, no less than 7,200,000 gallons of benzol, toluol, naphtha, &c., are obtained, a large proportion of which is admirably fitted for use as motor spirit. As the promoters of the new Coalite industry have laid their plans to handle the above quantity (3,000,000 tons) of coal at the outset, it will be seen that the general use of Coalite in place

of coal would involve the production of a quantity of motor spirit far more than sufficient to meet the whole of the present demand. In fact, the supply of Coalite for London alone would mean the production annually of a by-product of 30,000,000 gallons of Coaline Motor Spirit. A freedom from the dictation of the oil-trusts will, therefore, be one of the first effects resulting from the discovery and use of Coalite. Again, we have as a by-product of Coalite A SPLENDID *as CANDLE-POWER GAS*. The illuminating value of the gas derived from Durham or Midland coal is between 13 and 14 candles. If the gas supply of the Metropolis were enriched by Coalite gas it would have a much higher value as an illuminant and as a fuel than it has at present. But other and more profitable methods of using Coalite gas have been proposed. By diluting it with water-gas (made by some cheap process, such as that devised by Dellwik), and bringing it down from its present high value to somewhere about 500 B.T. units, it will be available for use in gas-engines for generating electricity for power purposes. In this way it will be possible to produce current at a cheaper rate than by any of the existing schemes. A third by-product of this new smokeless fuel is a NEW INSULATING MATERIAL. After the extraction of both the light and heavy liquid hydrocarbons from coal-tar there is left behind in the process of distillation a residue, which, when formed from ordinary coal-tar, is known as pitch. The residue from Coalite tar differs widely from ordinary pitch. It contains little or no free carbon, and is of the character of natural bitumen. On this account it is most valuable as an electrical insulator. Carbon, it should be noted, is a conductor of electricity, and its presence in ordinary coal-tar pitch renders that commodity quite useless for insulating purposes. Reports upon Coalite pitch—the deductions of the highest electrical authorities—clearly demonstrate its value in this respect. Its electrical properties are almost identical with those of highly-refined bitumen, with which product it compares very favourably. In the distillation of 3,000,000 tons of coal there will be obtained some 126,000 tons of this high-quality insulating material. If the supply be too large for electrical purposes, the surplus may be used for the many purposes to which ordinary coal-tar pitch is applicable. For instance, the making of asphalt, black varnish, and, latterly, in the construction of "tar-mac" and other dust-less road surfaces. Heavy Oils.—Mention must be made of the heavy oils (containing creosote, carbolic acid, cresol, anthracene, &c.), of which 36 per cent. of Coalite tar is composed. The disinfectants and preservatives which are obtained from carbolic and creosote oils are too well known to need more than a passing mention. Anthracite is the starting-point of many synthetic dye-stuffs, notably of artificial madder, the manufacture of which is almost entirely in the hands of the Germans. Whether this industry will ever be retrieved cannot be discussed here, but the first step to its recovery must lie in the production within our own country of an abundance of raw material from which the dye is prepared, and this, at least, will be assured by the general use of the new smokeless fuel Coalite.

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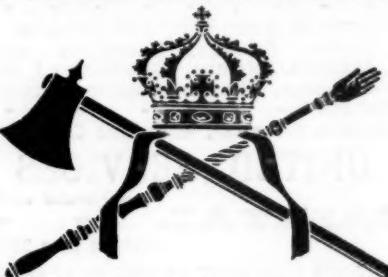
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